The Nation.

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The Week.

SENATOR MILLS'S indignant rebuke of his Democratic associates for abandoning their professed convictions and bringing shame upon their party by their protectionist amendments of the Wilson bill, will be better understood as those amendments are studied in detail. Some of them have the trail of the serpent already visible over them, and the skilfully concealed iniquity of more of them will doubtless be brought to light as they are examined and debated. The general swinging back from ad-valorem to specific duties is of itself a clear sign of surrender to the protectionists. This is one of their oldest dodges. They know that the actual value and cost of products tend downwards all the while, and hence that a specific duty which now amounts, say, to 40 per cent. ad valorem, will in two years equal 60 per cent. and in four 80 per cent., by the sheer force of lessening the cost of production. This little game has been exposed again and again. It was played all through the McKinley bill, and was one of the most crying evils in it. For the Democratic Senators now to rush back to it, after having denounced it, and after it had been so generally discarded in the Wilson bill, is a most suspicious circumstance.

The desire of Senators Gorman and Brice to "discipline" Senator Mills for his denunciation of their tricky work with the tariff bill is a capital illustration of their own obtuseness. What Mr. Mills says meets the hearty approval of all true friends of tariff reform, but it causes them no surprise. They made up their minds long ago about those two bogus Democrats, and have had no doubt that they would exert all their influence on the side of protection. No one expected that they would do their work openly, for, as Mr. Gorman's chief admirer, the *Sun*, said of him during the silver campaign, he and Mr. Brice are always "most busy underground, burrowing for compromise." The compromise they burrow for is always against the interests of the country and their own party, and is invariably one which involves a large degree of personal profit to themselves. If they think to injure Mr. Mills by showing their disapproval of him, they have a very poor opinion of popular intelligence, for the opinion which he has expressed of them is the public opinion of the country to-day. Instead of disciplining him, they ought to unite in a formal rebuke to the American people.

Disgust with the Gorman-Brice tariff bill is so prevalent and deep among Democrats in all parts of the country that if a vote of the party could be taken upon it there would be no doubt as to its fate. Thousands of Democrats are saying that the bill is worse than no bill at all, and that they hope, in case it ever reaches the President in its present form, he will veto it. It would be bad enough were it merely a tariff bill; but when tariff-reformers look at its McKinleyized schedules and at its income-tax attachment, and reflect that this is the outcome of their long years of agitation and their great victories of 1890 and 1892, their feelings become too intense for moderate expression. If the Democratic party has fallen hopelessly into the hands of Brice and Gorman, and can accomplish no tariff reform save what those two protectionist allies are willing to grant, the sooner a tariff-reform party, on that issue alone, is started, the better for the country. There are thousands of honest men in both parties who have been made absolute free-traders by this dallying and dickering of the Democratic jobbers in the Senate, and these will welcome any movement which will place the tariff issue before the people on its merits, with no confusing political issues, in order that it may be argued to a solution and the business of the country freed for all time from the disturbing and disastrous effects of periodic tariff changes.

The decision of the Republican senatorial caucus on Monday night to fight the tariff bill in every particular and at every stage leaves the superior strategy of the Gorman compromisers in sad plight. They were going to be so devilish sly as to give Republican manufacturers protection up to the eyes, in the expectation that these gentlemen would then turn upon the Republican Senators and compel them to vote for the bill; or for some parts of it. For a time it seemed as if the scheme might work, and Senators Allison and Proctor incautiously came out into the open and admitted that things might be worse and that the bill would pass "speedily." But now they have been told to quit talking nonsense like that and to fight the whole bill tooth and nail. Orders have gone out from the Manufacturers' Club of Philadelphia to accept no concession except "the McKinley act as it stands." The *Manufacturer* says that "protectionists from principle must regard with feelings of indignation the alleged protectionists who have of late been flocking to Washington to ask for favors at the hands of the Senators who are urging the new tariff bill," and affirms with much force that the protectionist amendments are a confession of weakness, and that it "would be an act of folly of almost criminal proportions" for Republicans to accept any terms. In like manner the Boston *Journal of Commerce* thunders against accepting "any compromise whatever." All this is what any one not gifted with Gorman's supernatural craft might have foreseen from the beginning.

The Republican intention to filibuster brings the old question of minority rule in the Senate to the front again. The bill will never get into conference unless the Democratic majority in the Senate asserts itself. If the Republicans will not agree to take the final vote after a reasonable time, the vote should be taken with or without their consent, and with or without damage to the dignity of the Senate. The Vice-President intimated last summer, in the course of the silver debate, that he would put the question whenever an assured majority authorized him to do so. He may soon have to do it, and it should be much easier for him to do it now with a party majority at his back than it would have been last September with the Democratic leaders divided.

Why does not some Senator insist that those who speak in the Senate be compelled to speak to the question? In no respect does the "courtesy of the Senate" lead to buffoonery and the blocking of public business more surely than in its toleration of the habit of hitching any kind of a speech to any kind of a bill or motion. Stewart has made his silver speech a dozen times over on the tariff bill. Senator Higgins worked in a long address on the Hawaiian question while the same bill was before the Senate, and Chandler and Frye told trout stories and joked with each other by the hour the other day while the Senate was supposed to be debating paragraphs of the tariff bill. No one ever rises to call a speaker to order for such a gross invasion of the privileges and dignity of the Senate. Yet it is one of the elementary principles and presuppositions of all parliamentary rules that a man who speaks at all must speak, at least ostensibly, to the question under debate. But it appears hopeless to expect any of the senatorial discreditors of senatorial dignity to make a serious move in the matter. Senator Faulkner had the temerity the other day to call Senator Aldrich to order for speaking more than twice on the same day on the same motion, as being in flagrant violation of one of the express rules of the Senate, but a chorus of indignation at such a disregard of courtesy at once went

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up, and Senator Faulkner apologetically withdrew his point of order.

There probably never was so droll a use made of the writs of a court of equity as the injunctions which various Western judges have issued to the Coxeyites, forbidding them to seize and carry off trains on the railroads now in possession of receivers. The injunction has hitherto been supposed by the lay world to be a process intended to restrain one of the parties to a suit in equity from committing, or persisting in committing, some act prejudicial, or likely to be pronounced prejudicial by a final judgment, to the other party's rights. But in these cases it has been issued to prevent parties in no way before the court from committing highway robbery. If we are not mistaken, too, it is usually not applied for or issued without notice to the other side. In other words, the Coxeyites ought to have had an opportunity to show cause why the writ should not issue—that is, to be "heard by counsel." Their "cause" probably would have been that the seizure of the trains was necessary to enable them to discharge a great public duty at Washington by urging on Congress the issue of $500,000,000 of irredeemable greenbacks to supply work to the unemployed.

It has been a close race between the Populist Governors of Kansas, Colorado, and Oregon, but the executive of the last named State has come out ahead as the champion of disorder. One of the Coxey "armies" appeared in Portland and committed lawless acts. As one of the railroads concerned was under the charge of receivers appointed by a United States court, Federal troops intervened, but other lawless acts were threatened, over which they had no jurisdiction. There was great public uneasiness, and much doubt as to the ability of the police to preserve order. An effective force of militia stood ready to perform any service required of them. Gov. Pennoyer was absent from his post, conducting a personal canvass for the United States Senatorship. The adjutant-general telegraphed him a statement of the facts, and asked for instructions to the officers of the militia. The Governor replied that he had no instructions to give, and added that he "didn't care a whoop" whether the lawbreakers or the United States troops came out ahead. The message was an official one, but the adjutant-general was ashamed to publish it. The Governor, however, was so proud of it that he read it from the platform to public meetings in both Grant's Pass and Jacksonville, boasting of it as a creditable performance and chuckling over it as a good joke on the city of Portland.

The latest statement of the condition of affairs in the Public Printing-Office at Washington is scarcely less edifying than the many that have preceded it during the past dozen or more years. Mr. Benedict, the head of the office, finds that there are at least four hundred more employees than he can find work for. "There are so many employees on the rolls that not only is there no work for all, but there is not room enough in the building to accommodate the crowd. There are more men in the building than there are desks, chairs, and other places of accommodation. The halls and aisles are rapidly filling up, and the building has become so crowded that hardly room enough is left to work in." In order to obtain room to work in, hundreds of employees have been let out indefinitely on a "system of furloughs." Mr. Benedict has begun his reform by discharging all these absentees, and is determined to keep on pruning the force until the standing-room is thinned out sufficiently to allow the work of the office to go forward. He does not propose, we believe, to build shelves or bunks, as was formerly done, to put the idle employees on in order that more floor room may be obtained. The cause of this ridiculous condition of affairs is the old one, that Congressmen of both parties are continually getting men into the office through "pulls" of various kinds. It is a great scandal, and the only remedy for it is the removal of the office entirely from politics by placing it under civil-service regulations. There has been talk for many years of erecting a new building for the public-printing establishment, but unless the propensities of Congressmen to stuff its force be checked first, nothing smaller than one of the great buildings of the late Chicago Fair would be adequate to accommodate it.

Alabama, like some other States in the South, holds her State election at a different time from the elections for Congressmen and President, the separation having been made in order to avoid possible complications with the Federal election laws while the latter were on the statute book. A Governor will be elected on the first Monday of August, and, under the new election law, voters must register between the 7th and 26th of May, except in the four chief cities, where thirty days are allowed. A registration certificate is required, which the voter must preserve and produce at the polls when he presents his ballot. This requirement is new in the State, although the system has prevailed in the city elections of Montgomery for years and has worked admirably. One motive for the law was undoubtedly the hope that the negroes would overlook the necessity of registering so long beforehand, and that some of them would lose their certificates during the intervening period; but the first reports from the "black belt" indicate that a large proportion of them mean to vote.

The situation of the United States Treasury in respect of the gold movement is briefly this: what ails the Treasury is not lack of gold in particular, but lack of revenue. The secretary a few months ago estimated his deficit for the fiscal year ending June 30 at $75,000,000. Since that estimate was made he has sold $50,000,000 of bonds, for which he received something over $58,000,000, leaving still a shortage of $17,000,000, or more likely $20,000,000, on the year's operations. Under such circumstances, his general balance is sure to fall by that sum, and it really makes no difference whether it be his gold or any other part of his funds, provided his gold does not get so low as to start a panic, of which there is not the least probability. The tariff bill has been so botched and bewitched in the Senate that no additional revenue can be got out of it during the present fiscal year, and we fear not much during the next. Probably the sugar required for a year's consumption will have been imported in advance of the passage of the bill, and thus the revenue which ought to go to the Government will line the pockets of the refiners. So, too, with the increased tax on distilled spirits. As to the income tax, if it passes, a full year will elapse before it will yield anything. On the other hand, the markets are so bare, and will continue to be until the bill passes, that a smart revival of business must then take place. The Treasury will reap its share of the benefit. Its revenues from ordinary sources, exclusive of sugar, whiskey, and incomes, will be much larger than they have been during the present fiscal year. Whatever brings revenue to the Treasury will bring gold, and when it once gets a monthly surplus, however small, all trouble about the gold balance will disappear. If it has to struggle with the present deficit beyond a certain period, it will have to make another loan or "shut up shop," and for this misfortune Congress, or rather the Senate, will be responsible.

Our dearth of great men has been a frequent subject of remark and lament among our most thoughtful citizens, but no one, we believe, has anticipated Mr. Brooks Adams in pointing out the sure remedy. Others have talked in a futile way about the levelling-down tendencies of democracy, and about the need of a great public question to bring forth great men, but he brushes all this aside and goes straight to the point—lack of cheap money. In his little pamphlet on 'The Gold Standard' he calls upon us to trace, among other high mysteries, the "impulse given to intellectual activity as the tide of money ran from south to north" in Europe in the six-

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teenth century, as the flood of silver from the New World began to pour in after the discovery of America. Raphael and Michael Angelo were in their prime in 1515, and four years later silver had worked as far north as Germany and induced Luther to nail up his theses. Calvin could be born in silver-blessed France as early as 1509, but in England the white metal was so slow in arriving in fructifying quantities that Shakspere could not see the light till 1564. To produce great men of science was a still harder job for silver, as Mr. Adams observes, since it took about a hundred years of the "stimulant" to bring Galileo and Kepler into the world. As Mr. Adams remarks, "nothing is more curious" than this, and we cannot too soon set about enriching our own barren land with vast quantities of fertilizing silver coin. We knew before that it could drive some men crazy, but we did not know that it was the fruitful mother of genius and greatness.

It is natural, but entirely unnecessary, for the secretary of the Bimetallic League to give out an official explanation of the "apathy of the House of Commons" on the great question of a "stable par of exchange." From the point of view of the League, there was indeed something hard to account for. There it was, holding a tremendous international meeting in full view of Parliament, and Mr. Balfour had just answered with "an overwhelming yes" the question whether it was possible to make silver circulate on equal terms with gold. To have the House of Commons give an overwhelming no the next evening was somewhat trying to the bimetallist faith, and, above all, to the bimetallist sense of importance. If such things went unexplained, the eager watchers in America might begin to fear that England was not going to be in a hurry about getting down on her knees. But those who know London and the vast business carried on there, whose very life depends on the inviolability of the English standard of value, need no argument to show why the House of Commons should not do so preposterous a thing as to meddle with that standard of value. Mr. Balfour may talk about his overwhelming yes as long and as eloquently as he pleases, but he will get nothing out of the House of Commons but Carlyle's everlasting nay.

The French Government is reported to be about to give silver, and incidentally its embarrassed Treasury, a lift by coining $2,400,000 of subsidiary coin, on which, at the market price of silver, it could pocket a profit, or seigniorage, or whatever the wise it call, of $1,260,000. This great opportunity has come about through the Italian Government's having redeemed its own silver pieces circulating in France, and so given the latter country a chance to coin under the Latin Union agreement whereby each country can coin up to six francs per inhabitant. But the proposal has evoked vigorous protests, and in one of these, an open letter signed by M. Rochaïd, we find the happy phrase: "All the world knows that silver money has become simply a metallic assignat." Such a name is not only telling but truthful, and ought to stick. The free-silver men of France to-day are aiming at precisely the same thing as the assignat men of the last century, and in our country they are only new editions of the "shinplaster," and "red-dog," and "wild-cat" financiers of other days.

The new chairman of the finance committee of Tammany Hall, vacated by Croker, is "Johnny" McQuade, formerly a police justice, but during recent years the most favored contractor of the Public Works Department. Justice and contracting are apt to go hand in hand in the circles of Tammany government. Andy White ran the two together for some years, but finally concluded that he saw enough contracting in the Dock Department to occupy all his time, and he left the bench to devote himself entirely to it. He had his system in beautiful operation when the Legislature stepped in and blocked it, and the prospect is now so gloomy for him that Andy may be forced to return to the bench in order fully to occupy his time. He wails publicly that the upsetting of his system has made it necessary to discharge no less than 1,200 men. Anybody can see what a personal loss that must be to Andy. His fellow contracting justice, McQuade, has got a much better thing than contracting in the chairmanship of the Tammany Hall finance committee, but it is said that he is to have it not for himself, but for Mayor Gilroy, whose obedient servant he has been for many years, and that when the mayor's term shall expire in December next, he will succeed both to the boss-ship and the chairmanship of the finance committee.

Capt. Mahan, the commander of the *Chicago*, who is being made much of, though not more than he deserves, by the naval authorities in England, has declined to express an opinion on the naval programme of Earl Spencer, and yet Capt. Mahan's opinion would have been very valuable. When Secretary Tracy went over, he gave his very freely, and it was used against Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons, although Mr. Tracy could not possibly be supposed to be an authority on naval matters. Capt. Mahan, however, did not mind saying that superiority of force at sea is now more necessary to Great Britain than ever, which appears clear enough. But the reason of it is that Great Britain has immense foreign possessions which can be got at only by sea, and can be held only by means of a fleet which can beat any two or three other fleets. This is a state of things which undoubtedly swells the national pride and is in some ways an advantage to the world. But it is full of inconvenience, and, should a period of declining trade set in, would be a positive calamity. There are probably few Englishmen who would now deliberately enter on the creation of what is called "the British Empire" as a programme. The creation of a fleet competent to protect it is to-day a great burden on all classes in England. Nevertheless, if our naval officers had their way, Capt. Mahan included, they would load us with similar responsibilities, in the shape of outlying dependencies, posts and garrisons, and "coaling stations," without a particle of the excuse which England had for her expansion. She had to find room and fields of activity for an overflowing and enterprising population cooped up on a small island, while we have more space than we can fill in a century or two; and as to fields of activity, now that the Indians are gone, our bolder spirits can always find occupation in seizing trains and "marching on Washington."

There has been no ministry in England in the present century which has had to face so many troublesome questions with so small a majority as the present ministry command. There are home rule, the registration bill, the Welsh church disestablishment, and, though last and least, the budget, to all of which there is fierce opposition among the Tories, and in support of which the Liberals are by no means thoroughly united. The nine Parnellites seem to have finally deserted the ministry, and there is a good deal of lukewarmness among the English about the Welsh church bill, while, on the other hand, thirty-one Welsh votes cannot be counted on with any certainty unless it is pushed. Wales is suffering from that old-fashioned Irish plague of the gentry and landholders belonging to one church (and that the dominant, established church), and the mass of the people to others. And the trouble has been aggravated as usual by the attempt of the landowners to discriminate against Dissenters in letting their farms. There has not been so much of this of late years, but there has been enough to keep old hates burning briskly. The Episcopal clergy, too, have been anything but conciliatory in exacting their tithes—a grievance which grew more serious as the times grew bad. In the present struggle the Welsh church has, as the Irish church had, the English clergy at its back, and the bishops have fulminated a good deal against the Welsh despoilers, which only makes the despoilers all the fiercer.

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THE COXEY "PROBLEM."

In spite of the gradual disruption of the Coxey armies, the Coxey "problem" still continues to cause a good deal of discussion in and out of the pulpit. It is not of much consequence in itself. A few thousand ragamuffins "marching on Washington" cannot put the United States Government or social order seriously in peril. To rate it at its full importance as a sign of the times, we must take it in connection with the Populist movement. The Coxeyites are Populists of the lowest grade, mobilized, so to speak, for active service. All Populists look to Washington for aid or relief, but the Coxeyites start for Washington in person. And we must not imagine that because we break up the Coxeyite "armies," or cease to elect Populist governors or legislators, the poison of Coxeyism has left our system. As long as there is a large party, containing "our best people" in this country, preaching the doctrine that American industry cannot flourish without Government aid, that the withdrawal of that aid means ruin and misery, and that every man in business who finds that his market is poor ought to go to Congress for relief, we shall every year find ourselves face to face with the rising tide of Coxeyism. Protection and democracy, as the founders of this republic understood it, cannot indefinitely exist together. Protection leads straight to socialism, of which Coxeyism is simply a filthy eruption. It has been for forty years preparing the world for socialism, notably in the two most democratic countries of the world—France and America. When the French agriculturists the other day demanded protection for their wheat, M. Juarès "went them one better," by demanding that the Government should import the necessary supplies of foreign grain and sell it at prices to suit the times.

During the whole of this period of forty years the doctrine that the state should see that the workingman got good wages has been the main feature in all the protectionist pamphlets and speeches and books and addresses. But the relief was for a good while to pass through the hands of the employers. It was the millionaires and the iron-masters who were to get the Government money, and it was they who were to dole it out to the workingmen. But no intelligent person could expect that, with the ballot in the hands of the laborer, this arrangement would last very long. He was sure to find out that the distribution was not altogether fair, that his wages did not rise in proportion to the rise in the tariff. Having made this discovery, he was sure to ask the question what was the use of having these subsidies pass through the hands of the employers; why could not the workers get them direct from the Government? This question he has now begun to ask, and he will ask it with increasing vehemence every year as long as we follow our present course. This is what Populism means and what Coxeyism means. Both are a widespread turning to Washington for relief on the part of that portion of the population which does not manufacture or mine, and cannot be protected by high duties on imports, namely, the farmers and farm-laborers, and in fact everybody that is poor and in debt or distress. They want money or employment direct from the Government, without the intervention of bosses or employers; and everything that makes money seem easy to manufacture—greenbackism, silverism, joint-metallism, and bimetallism—thus finds favor in their eyes. If we desire social peace and security, we must in this matter take the back track. We must set to work to undo the teachings of thirty years, and try to spread among the people once more the spirit of independence and self-reliance which was the leading American characteristic in the earlier years of the century.

We were in hopes that a beginning in this great work of social healing was made by the triumph of the tariff-reformers at the last Presidential election. The platform contained the following, which is the true democratic gospel, the only one by which a democratic government can last in our time without serious danger to property and order:

> "We denounce Republican protection as a fraud, a robbery of the great majority of the American people for the benefit of the few. We declare it to be a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the federal Government has no constitutional power to impose and collect tariff duties, except for the purpose of revenue only, and we demand that the collection of such taxes shall be limited to the necessities of the Government when honestly and economically administered."

The Wilson bill in its original form did not carry out this programme. It left protection for protection's sake on a great many articles; it reduced it only slightly on others. In the tinkering which it has since undergone, it has been so altered that nobody would recognize it as a tariff-reform measure. It does not carry out the saving idea of the platform. It does not reverse the Republican policy. It does not start the nation on its return to sound and pure Americanism. On the contrary, it is likely to confirm the working classes in the idea that there is no difference between the two leading parties, and that their only salvation lies in a "social revolution." If it did not contain free wool and one or two other exemptions, it would be no boon to anybody, and the Republicans might well accept it as their own measure. For the great need of the time is not so much a shifting of duties or burdens, as a radical abandonment of the doctrine of Government protection. Tariff legislation must be turned in the direction of total non-interference on the part of the United States House and Senate. To expect them to "foster" industry with either grace, wisdom, or understanding, is preposterous. The collection of taxes to meet the expenses of the Government is as much as they are equal to.

THE SAMOAN TROUBLES.

Common sense in regard to foreign politics has a strange, unfamiliar sound in public life nowadays, and consequently Secretary Gresham's letter in reply to Senator Gray's resolution about Samoan affairs must for most readers have had whatever charm comes from novelty. Samoa is about 3,000 miles from our shores. If it belongs to any "system" it belongs to the Australasian system. Its condition and prospects concern us no more than the condition and prospects of the Cape of Good Hope. The Germans have been at work for years ousting the natives in the very manner which we have practised so successfully in Honolulu; but instead of employing missionaries and sons of missionaries, they have employed common traders, who, by means of mortgages and land sales, have been rapidly getting possession of the islands in the regular Hawaiian fashion, and taking possession of the government in the old-fashioned way with which the white man has made the untutored savage so familiar. Now, if this concerns anybody, it concerns the New Zealanders. They are the coming power with whom the Germans are meddling, and if they do not like it it is for the British to call the Germans to account. But we, in forgetfulness of the traditional policy of the Government, as Secretary Gresham has pointed out, thought we must have a finger in the pie, and we intervened and insisted on a tripartite treaty, under the strange hallucination that whatever happens in the whole Pacific Ocean is our affair. So we are governing the island jointly with the British and Germans, although it is these two Powers which have nearly all the commerce of the place. We have literally no interest in the islands whatever, for we have hardly any trade with them. In 1887, the year of the last "Samoan conference," out of 229 vessels which entered the port of Apia only six were American, and the total value of their cargoes was $60,000, and there has since been no increase.

The government which Secretary Evarts in 1877 said he would like to see set up in Samoa was a "stable, independent native government." The government we have set up under the tripartite treaty is, to use Secretary Gresham's language, "in substance and in form a tripartite foreign government, imposed upon the natives, and supported and administered jointly by the three treaty Powers." The result has been continual unrest, disturbance, and foreign interference. This mania for foreign dependencies at great distances from our shores, which breaks so

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completely with all the best traditions of our own Government, and seems to increase with the increasing difficulty of our domestic problems, is due to two causes. One is the theory, broached by Blaine and supported by high-tariff writers, that trade with distant points is started or promoted by "showing the flag," bringing our Government to the knowledge of the natives, or establishing lines of subsidized steamers. People are deceived by the old British phrase, "Trade follows the flag," concocted by Great Britain when she had no rivals, at s a or in manufactures, and could "lick" anybody who tried to compete with her, but senseless in these days, when every barbarian on the globe is pursued by the rival drummers of half-a-dozen great industrial Powers. Trade in our time follows cheapness and durability. All the navies, steamers, and telegraphs in the world will not make people look at your goods unless they are cheaper than other people's—a simple truth which it seems impossible to hammer into a protectionist skull.

The other is the growing disposition to shirk domestic reforms by means of a vigorous foreign policy to be carried out by a large navy. On the same principle on which the rich man acts who pays blackmail to Croker, but who will not work for municipal reform, a large body of our politicians try to either cover up or excuse their indifference to the condition of the suffrage, of the civil service, and of the finances by disputing with European Powers about protectorates and "coaling stations" in distant seas, and pretending that every little rock in the vast expanse of the Pacific is a "strategic point" Nothing to-day does more to lower American character and institutions in the eyes of the foreign world than the kind of men with which we fill our legations and consulships abroad; but it is much easier to try to meet this discredit by sending smart cruisers to show themselves in foreign ports, and bully weak Powers, than to reform our diplomatic service. Our trying to keep the Samoans in order when we cannot protect our great lines of railroads from armies of tramps, is surely a grotesque spectacle; and when twenty Republican Senators vote with a Harvard graduate to levy discriminating duties on the imports of our best foreign customer in order to compel her to change her standard of value—a proceeding in all respects worthy of the Samoan King Malietoa or Mataafa, or Tamasese, whom we have been trying to train in sound politics—surely it is time to let the poor savages alone.

WOMAN IN THE SOCIALISTIC STATE.

It is always interesting to read the additional explanations which the socialists keep making from day to day about the kind of place their "State" will be when they have got full possession of the world. One of these, and a very curious one, appears in the last *Fortnightly* from Prof. Karl Pearson, the professor of mathematics and mechanics in the University of London, in an article on "Woman and Labor." It is extremely wordy and extremely obscure, as such productions are apt to be. There is a great deal about "evolution" and "development" and "transition," and a good deal of condemnation of the "competitive system," which we have heard before without much profit. But he says, "The two, and we might almost say the only two, problems of modern social life are the problems of woman and the problem of labor." Nothing is more curious in these writings than the extensive use of the word "problem." Almost everything animate is a "problem" to a socialist; that is, something he has solved or can solve or explain. Of course, every individual in the world is a problem to himself or somebody, as well as Labor and Woman. But most people select very early in life the problems they think they can solve and let the others alone. The social reformer is not so easily disheartened. When he recognizes anything as a "problem," he sits down before it and does not leave it till he solves it in an article or a book.

Most people will suppose that what Prof. Pearson means by the "Problem of Woman" is the best means of securing her a vote, or the best means of securing her equality with men in the labor market, or the best means of getting husbands for those who are likely to remain unmarried. But they will be mistaken. The women have got beyond these things. What is now in their minds, and what they are going to have, is "insurance against motherhood," on the part of the State—not, of course, the thing we now call the State, but the new socialistic State which is to succeed it. This is what "organized womanhood" is going to insist on, and it will not be content with anything else. The women, it says, who marry and bear children are worsted in the labor market by the single women; that is, are really punished for doing what is woman's highest duty. This state of things will certainly not be permitted in the socialist State—

> "a womankind seeking in all classes to take part in social labor and activity, and, owing to the selective processes now at work, likely to have increased rather than decreased sexual and maternal instincts; conscious, too, of the vital importance of problems of heredity, and for which the problem of population, the question who shall be the parents of its children, will, with the growth of the socialistic tendency, become the chief problem of the State."

Such a womankind will on no account permit this open competition between the married and unmarried women to go on unchecked. The State must help the married women to hold their own, and for this purpose there is to be a fund called a "national insurance against motherhood," which is to subsidize all the mothers when bearing children. "To reconcile maternal activity," Prof. Pearson declares, "with the new possibilities of self-development open to women, is *par excellence* the woman's problem of the future."

What is most startling in this is the prospect it holds out that not only will the socialist State choose our occupation for us and fix our rate of wages, but it will also choose our parents. It is to decide who are to be our fathers and mothers. The privilege of marriage will probably only be accorded by a State board, after a hearing, we hope, "by counsel." The number of children a couple may have will, doubtless, considering the importance of the law of heredity, be settled in the same manner, after a minute examination of their moral and intellectual condition and their physical constitution. It will be easily seen what excitement the election of such a board will create, and what a temptation there will be to wirepulling and corruption of every description on the part of couples who feel doubtful of their ability to pass; or rather, we should perhaps say, *would* create under our present individualistic system, for, of course, in the socialistic State, people will be above such things.

What is the ordinary definition of insanity? Is it not a disregard of the facts of life and the ordinary course of events in human society? If this be a correct definition, may we not entertain harrowing doubts as to the mental conditions of many of these apostles of the new gospel? Their promises about their millennium are every day becoming more wonderful, and showing a closer approach to the hallucinations with which alienists are familiar.

There appears, in fact, just now to be a great wave of mental disturbance passing over the world, due, we believe, in large part to the rapidity with which science and invention have revolutionized social conditions. There is a story of an African chief who was carried on board an English man-of-war, and shown over the ship, including the engine-room. He was so overcome by the wonders he saw around him that he went insane, and committed suicide by jumping overboard. When we read some of these socialistic pictures of the future, and see on every side the worship of silver as a personality with human attributes, and find its abundance made one of the causes of great men, and see the widespread desire to live on the State as if it were an entity of limitless powers and funds, and the widespread belief that if the powers of Government were enlarged the qualities which have made government difficult for ten thousand years would disappear, we suspect that modern progress has proved too rapid and violent for poor human reason, and that, if society had a

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neck, there would be much danger of its hanging itself.

A PROTECTED ORTHOGRAPHY.

WE have long been accustomed to distrust the Hon. William E. Chandler in any public capacity, and as a reformer particularly we can but view him with strong suspicion. The American Philological Association, or the friends of its "24 Joint Rules for Amended Spelling," do not share our prejudices against the New Hampshire statesman, and are using him as an instrumentality for fastening these rules upon the Government Printing-Office. For a scholar in politics they would more naturally have resorted to the Hon. Cabot Lodge, but as a veteran protector of infant industries Mr. Chandler had superior claims, the Amended Spelling being avowedly in the interest of infants. This class of the community is not, indeed, passionately addicted to the study of public documents, does not cry for them, and has never complained of the difficulty of reading them on account of our absurd English orthography. Still, for their sake, it is proposed to compel millions of adults, English-speaking and foreign, to learn to read and spell anew in order to avail themselves of the products of the Government press. Mr. Chandler, being an adept in class legislation, accordingly introduced in the Senate on February 19, 1894, a joint resolution to that effect, embodying the "24 Joint Rules" at full length, and the arguments by which they are supported.

Every one who has watched the slow progress of the reform knows, of course, that the Amenders are aiming at bigger game than the Public Printer. They hope through him to put the screws on publishing-houses and dictionary-makers and text-book makers and journalists. The joint resolution quite frankly professes its design — "to encourage better spelling of the English language, to make easier, more logical, and more rapid the work of pupils in learning to read, and to reduce the cost of printing and writing." A paternal government which regards it as its province to hold up the price of silver, and to foster manufactures, and to furnish work to the unemployed and a living wage to every worker, may well take a hand in this new business, on an economic pretext. Its promoters assure us that one-fifth of the bulk of all printed matter would be saved if a strictly phonic system were adopted. To have the long-winded Allen, Jones, or Peffer, or even Senator Chandler himself, reduced by so large a percentage in the *Congressional Record* would certainly be a boon, even if there were not "millions in it" for the overburdened taxpayer. Nevertheless, we have to ask ourselves if the disfigurement of the public documents with outlandish orthography is a justifiable step in the present state of cultivated public opinion upon the subject, which is far from being unanimous, and whether the Government ought to be dragged into a propaganda which apparently will not go of itself.

We do not now propose to discuss these questions, but we desire to say a word on behalf of the Eye in a controversy which is really between the Eye and the Ear. We are asked to consider mainly the young and their perplexities in learning to read by sound, and the Amenders pride themselves on having comprised in their rules the monosyllables and dissyllables "ever in our mouths." In other words, this small body of colloquial expressions, not too numerous to commit to heart, and presenting very extensive analogies, is to be transformed at the expense of intelligent readers who read without pronouncing because the form of the word is a distinct ideograph. Yet even here the Amenders have not had the courage of their convictions, for while they lop off the initial *w* in *whole*, they do not tamper with it in *who*, though the latter word is used a thousand times oftener. Moreover, the abbreviated *whole* at once competes in understanding with *hole* the noun. These diverse spellings for words pronounced alike are, as Mr. Henry Bradley says, established "useful distinctions," and to abolish them is to impose a hardship upon the child in the very act of pretending to relieve him. So, again, as the digraph *ch* has three if not four values, to strike out the *t* before it in *witch*, etc., is to abandon a perfectly satisfactory, because invariable, guide to the pronunciation. Some schemes for transliteration from the Russian employ *tch* regularly for the corresponding sound of *ch;* but our Amenders would reprobate this. *Gu*, again, if its vowel is sometimes silent and sometimes sounded, infallibly betokens hard *g*, yet the Amenders, having a blind man's spite against silent letters, banish the *u* before *a* and in all native English words, as, *guest, guess, guild*, thus introducing a fresh source of confusion.

A memorial now being circulated in behalf of the Chandler resolution assures Congressmen that, "because of the faults of the spelling now in vogue, many a bright, sensitiv, truth-luving child is made to feel that spelling is untruthful and cannot be lerned by an exercize of the faculties of reason," with a consequent "hindrance to the development of the natural and truthful instincts of his being." For our part, with all respect to the memorialists, we find this a puerile argument. Perfect consistency will never be reached in the English language—and, we will add, may it never be! But our piecemeal reformers simply bewilder still more the truth-loving child who is taught to pronounce *gess* (guess) with a hard *g* and *George* with a soft, *gild* (guild) with a hard and *gillyflower* with a soft, and who has to be saddled with explanations why *live* the adjective is spelled with a final *e* and *live* the verb without, why he must write *crost* and not *chast*, *lookt* and not *chanced*.

Without novel characters or the liberal use of diacritic marks, there can be no phonic assurance except practice in pronouncing the English vowels. Yet we are told that in "port, post, sport, tomato, potato," for example, "the spelling is truthful, logical, easy to lern, and easy to write and print." Ask a foreigner to pronounce *tomato* and *potato*, however, and see what he will make of them; or the words *thru, thuroly, enuf, lern to spel. Muney* is not a whit easier than *money*, or else *lern* should have been spelt *lurn;* and the form *money* (if the claims of the educated, including high-school children, may be feebly protested) accords with the spellings of the Latin and its derivative tongues on the Continent (Lat. and Ital. *moneta*, Sp. *moneda*, Port. *moeda*, Fr. *monnaie*, etc.), with which we should not needlessly put ourselves out of line etymologically. On the other hand, we needlessly foreignize our tongue by multiplying the single *f, l*, and *v* endings—*e. g., litl, ruf* (rough), *hav*—which are repugnant to the English eye.

The alleged saving of time in writing by all these abbreviations is illusory. It defies computation. No one ever yet owned his debt to Webster for the aggregate leisure obtained by spelling *traveller* with one *l*. The effect on adults who have to accustom themselves to the new-fangled forms in reading and writing will be an irritating loss of time. The expense argument is equally illusory. A writer who checks his verbosity, or who uses short for long words or cultivates a simple rather than an involved style, will save far more than by practising the Amended Spelling. Then, what of the cost of making over our dictionaries, with initial *ph* to be sought for under *f, cinder* to be looked for under *s*, etc.? Is there not here loss of time, too, even if there are cross-references? Finally, let us not forget that the difficulties, the irregularities, the want of analogy, in our orthography grow out of the supreme merit of the English language, its capacity to borrow freely and assimilate perfectly from all others; that thousands of children (not necessarily falsehood-loving) have overcome these difficulties unconsciously at the age of three years; that the most approved mode of teaching spelling at the present day is not phonetically—by ear—but by the so-called word-method—by the eye—memoriter practice from the speller having been largely superseded by exercises on the daily lesson in the reader; and that the English race is not intellectually behind any other by reason of the greater time

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necessary to acquire the art of reading and spelling.

A CATALOGUE FOR THE NATIONAL LIBRARY OF FRANCE.

A VERY important report has just been issued by the Bibliothèque Nationale of France. A committee of twenty persons, of whom nine were members of the Institute, four librarians, and three inspector-generals of libraries, has been considering the advisability and method of printing the catalogue of the largest library in the world, which contained at the end of last year 1,934,154 "numbers," forming at least 2,600,000 volumes. The report gives an interesting sketch of the history of the cataloguing of the library from the beginning, which is the not uncommon story of an insufficient personnel overwhelmed by great accessions, of neglect, bad judgment, increasing confusion, frantic efforts to remedy the evil, attempts to do too much—apparently a continued struggle to run a great library with a small staff. Finally, on the accession of M. Léopold Delisle in 1875, was inaugurated the present system, which led to the completion of the inventory in December, 1893. Nothing now remains to be done but to add the printed matter, often very important, which is included among manuscripts in the manuscript department, together with a collection of books belonging to the library kept at present in the palace of Fontainebleau, and then to print.

This the committee has unanimously decided to do, on two grounds—first, as a safeguard to the property of the library, and second, as a guide to the researches of students. For a century, losses of books have been frequent. Most of the books recovered come from booksellers and book-lovers who voluntarily restore books which they find on their shelves with the library's marks. The committee believes that the copies of the catalogue which would, of course, be accessible in every public library, would be an important instrument of verification and the best of guarantees for the public property. As for the service which such a catalogue would render to students, it is needless to speak. Scholars in the provinces and abroad will find in it the elements of a bibliography in their respective researches, and within the library a reader will find his book more easily, and will have to wait for it a shorter time, because he will put on the slip by which he demands it the exact shelf-mark, instead of handing in a request for a book which may or may not be in the library, and of which he may or may not have the correct title, and waiting while an attendant hunts it up in several catalogues—an operation which on the average takes thirty minutes. The committee no doubt considered, though they abstain from discussing it in their report, the feasibility of putting this same information before the readers on cards—that is, of extending to the older books the system of cards clamped in volumes which the library has adopted for all books received since 1872. Of the American improvements in card catalogues they perhaps have no idea, and of the Rudolph Indexer they probably never have heard. But to prepare the slips of the inventory of the older books for insertion in the card-books would be a work of some cost, and, while it would give a most useful instrument for the readers within the library, it would be of no use in the other libraries of the country, and, moreover, would not be to the world so glorious a monument of French literature.

The chief reason for printing, in our opinion, is the possibility of making from these printed lists, with no further expense than the cost of cutting up, mounting, and classifying, any number of bibliographies. Titles arranged in chronological order, which would present the history of literature; titles in geographical order, giving the typographical history of every place, so far as its printing is represented in the library; an arrangement by bindings, for all whose bindings are worth mention; an arrangement by donors; an arrangement by languages, forming national bibliographies; a classified arrangement with every refinement that it has entered into the mind of man to conceive; and finally, most useful of all, an arrangement under subjects placed in alphabetical order—all these the happy library that prints its titles can easily have. It is true that it costs money to cut up and mount, and above all to classify; but this is for future consideration. It is a pity that the committee does not discuss the application of logotypy. Perhaps they have considered it and found it too costly, but they say nothing of it. Perhaps if we had had to furnish the money, we should not have regarded these arguments as conclusive; but we are glad that they have appeared so to the committee; for this catalogue, like that of the British Museum, will be a boon to American students, and each of our great libraries will undoubtedly procure a copy. It will be most interesting to compare the two catalogues, and it will be found, we believe, that the two greatest gatherings of books in the world are by no means duplicates of one another. The Museum is, of course, far the fuller in English history and English literature, and its quantities of English pamphlets can nowhere be equalled; the Bibliothèque is correspondingly superior in French history and literature, and not weak in pamphlets, although we suppose it hardly has such numbers of these troublesome but often important issues of the press. What the Museum has, in fact, is not all revealed by its present catalogue; a mass of several thousand Mazarinades, for instance, is represented by a single entry, and the detailed cataloguing is reserved for the Supplement.

The rules suggested for the placing of entries are generally judicious. We do not see the use of having one catalogue for authors and a second alphabet for anonymous works, but this is a matter on which there may well be difference of opinion. Anonymous works whose authors are known will appear under their names—an improvement on the practice of the British Museum. Periodicals and the publications of societies will appear in special catalogues—another matter on which there is a difference of opinion among experts. This is not, we believe, the practice in any American library. It is audacious to disagree on any point with so eminent a committee, yet we can but think that they have not solved the still-vexed problem of books which remain anonymous as well as they might have done. Barbier pointed out the only way of salvation—entry in all cases under the first word, the only rule that cannot be differently interpreted by different cataloguers, giving the only place where one can be sure of finding a work. Panizzi wanted to follow Barbier entirely, but was overruled by his trustees and obliged to make several exceptions. Still, on the whole, the British Museum enters under the first word not an article or preposition. The French committee, however, propose to return to the older fashion—the first significant word—opening the door wide to all sorts of diversities of practice, and therefore preparing many vexatious disappointments to those who use the catalogue. *Remontrances*, for instance, are to be put either under "États-généraux" or under "Parlement," because, forsooth, there would be such a number of titles beginning with *Remontrance*. But will there not be quite as many entries, or more, under États-généraux and Parlement? Other "first words" are to be discarded in favor of "important words" selected by the cataloguer. The committee admit that it will be a work of tact to apply this rule. Certainly it will, and it will be a work of genius to find anything under it.

Again, works published under an initial are to be treated as anonymous. "The contrary system adopted by the British Museum has resulted in filling 192 columns [there are nearer 250 now] of that catalogue with titles entered under the letter B alone. This is enough to explain the decision of the committee." What an inadequate reason! The titles do not take any more room under B than they would anywhere else, and they are easier to find. It is not harder to put one's finger on B., T. A., than it is on Bacon, T. A.; it is as easy to find any one among the ten B., T. A., if there are so many, as it is to find it among the ten Bacon, T. A. The 192 columns are simply a bugbear which ought not to frighten anybody.

The committee mentions with pardonable pride the improvements introduced during the last quarter-century in the service of the library. In 1868 the reading-room had barely a hundred seats, and readers might often be seen wandering disconsolately and vainly in search of an empty one. Now the number of seats is quadrupled (but we must remark that such is the increase in the use made of the library that the vain search for a seat may still be seen). Readers then collected in crowds round the bureau, waiting for their names to be called, when, after a long time, the book demanded issued mysteriously from behind the screen. Now books are delivered to them at their desks (after an average wait of thirty minutes, as we ascertained last winter); and till they are brought the students have at their free disposal 9,000 volumes of carefully selected reference books. In 1868 they had no books whatever to consult during this time, and had to send in a "call-slip" to get the commonest dictionary. Then they were expressly forbidden, by repeated regulations, to consult the catalogue. Now they have author and subject-catalogues of all books received since 1872. In one respect they are even more favored than the readers in the great British Museum reading-room. They have the last numbers of the principal French and foreign periodicals laid out on a table for free use—not, indeed, the popular magazines which one finds in all American and English town and city libraries, and not even as many learned periodicals as one finds in our college and our greater public libraries, but still enough to be of great service. And yet, with all these ameliorations, the public complain. But the administration is not discouraged, and it projects further improvements—another reading-room fitted up for evening use, additional storage-rooms, more attendants.

THE INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL CONGRESS AT ROME.

ROME, April, 1894.

THIS important gathering of medical men (from March 29 to April 5) was composed of more than seven thousand registered members. Of this number probably only one-third took part in the proceedings of one or more of the nineteen sections into which the body was di-

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vided to carry on its deliberations. The other two-thirds made the Italian journey more as a vacation outing, spending little or no time at meetings, but taking advantage of the many and varied opportunities for sightseeing and social enjoyment, both public and private. The Congress was formally opened at the large Costanzi Theatre, in presence of the King and Queen and a great concourse of notabilities, by Crispi speaking for the King. He laid particular stress upon the work of medical science in recent years in regenerating unhealthy regions and cities. Prof. Baccelli, the Minister of Public Instruction and president of the Congress, made his address of welcome and salutation in Latin, in dignified and formal sentences, with apt application of the Latin maxims, "Salus populi suprema lex esto," and "Nulla re magis homines ad Deos accedere quam salutem hominibus dando."

Prof. Virchow, the representative of the University of Berlin, in his address at the first general session, traced the history of medicine from the earliest times to Morgagni, the Italian who, in the last century, originated the science of pathological anatomy by his important discoveries of the changes in the tissues produced by disease, from which moment medical science moved forward on solid grounds. The noteworthy address by Prof. Foster of Cambridge, on "Organization in Science," laid bare the present defects and needs of the scientific world. He remarked that the literature of medical and physiological science is now chaotic, that it is impossible for any one worker to keep track of all the work done even in his own chosen field and to find time for any researches of his own; that there should be systematized endeavor in each department of science, directed by an international body—a skilled jury—whereby expenses would be met, the chosen gifted investigators stimulated, the incompetent discouraged; and, finally, that the numerous well-known problems now before us in physiology and biology should be attacked by united, regulated efforts, the results to be published from time to time in one common language, so that the great body of busy men could have early and sufficient cognizance of all true progress. In science, differentiation had come perforce, and now integration was urgently needed to prevent men from going over the same ground, to guide workers, and to repress the publication of crude material. Individual ambition would probably not be checked (though this point demands careful consideration), and the motive and aim of all scientific inquiry—the truth—would be furthered and the results more successfully garnered. Prof. Babesiu of Bucharest spoke instructively on the state of public sanitary laws and hygiene since the development of bacteriology—a period of scarcely twenty years. He predicted that the lately enacted sanitary code of Italy would return many times its cost even to the present generation. Modern states in general provide inadequately for the execution of sanitary laws. Consumption alone, a preventable disease, causes one-seventh of all deaths in civilized nations, whereas the panic inspired by a threatened cholera invasion, which may in comparison take only a fraction of this number of lives, impels lavish expenditure and temporary vigilance backed by the power of the State. The grounds on which this power was formerly withheld from sanitary authorities are disappearing, as the State alone, under the highest medical direction, can deal with members of a community who, by originating a focus of disease, menace the public welfare and involve the lives of an indefinite number of their fellow-citizens.

At the general sessions the discourses were usually in German, French, or Italian, and but twice in English. The papers contributed numbered in all upwards of twenty-five hundred, of which a goodly proportion will probably never get into print. Among the speakers not already named were Nothnagel of Austria, Brouardel of France, Hokvis of Holland, and Jacobi of New York. This American delegate sounded a note of warning against the encroachment of the social festivities upon the real objects of these congresses, which are always announced as being "purely scientific." Yet the newspapers of the city laid much and not undue stress upon the banqueting of the French delegates by the prominent Italians and their fraternal speeches. Prof. Virchow's political career and his part in the *Kulturkampf* were also brought up, his presence in Rome being thus invested with a significance quite foreign to his scientific reputation. The king treated him with exceptional distinction, but this is readily accounted for on purely personal grounds.

The sections met at the Policlinico, a series of five new buildings, destined to form part of a magnificent hospital, one of the largest in Europe. It is situated without the walls on a commanding position on the north side of Rome. The plenary sessions were held in the city in an inadequate hall adjoining the handsome Fine Arts building on the Via Nazionale. This building contains a very interesting exhibition of scientific apparatus, books, models, and plans of sanitary and engineering works of many modern institutions and cities, European army medical equipments, medical instruments, rare old medical and philosophical books and writings, including many illuminated manuscripts and *codici di medicina* from the Italian libraries—notably those loaned by the University of Naples. Lavish hospitality was extended by the city and by private individuals, and galleries were freely opened to the guests. The most imposing event was the illumination of the "platea archeologica" on the night of April 3. The whole region from the Coliseum to the Capitol, including the Forum and the Palatine in every part, was lighted up in every detail by oil lamps and torches, with occasional bursts of colored pyrotechnics. The scene was truly extraordinary, and vividly suggested the glories of the great past. The various spaces and heights were divided into "tribunes," and the enormous crowds were fairly well placed and managed for this occasion. Bands of music played at several points, and one composed of guitars and stringed instruments was stationed near the royal tribune. The municipality also gave a reception to the "Congressistos" at the capitol, displaying the buildings and their beautiful contents to the best advantage.

The management of the enormous crowds on most of these occasions has been justly criticised, but never before was there a medical congress exceeding 7,000 members, for the most part, as I have said, more bent on sightseeing than on "wissenschaftliche Arbeit," as a German professor put it. The Eternal City was already full before this crowd streamed down upon it from the north and from all quarters of the world, and lodgings were at a premium. Women who desired to become members of the congress could do so and were on an equal footing with men, and many attended the sectional meetings diligently; at least one of them (a Russian) receiving high, outspoken commendation for her work. The weather was matchless; and at this season, with the bright freshness of spring in the air and over all nature, Rome seemed enchanting. C. A. S.

GREECE REVISITED.—II.

ATHENS, April 17, 1894.

THERE is one respect in which the travelling accommodations in Greece have not improved of late years—one, in fact, in which they have retrograded. This is in the connections with other parts of Europe. Between Constantinople and Greece there has been more or less quarantine all winter, and of this route I cannot speak. But when I was last here, one could be sure of at least three good steamers weekly between Athens and Italy; and, having read the accounts of the imposing ceremonies attending the opening of the Corinthian Canal last August, I had looked forward confidently to the passage through this as one of the new experiences to be enjoyed, and had hoped there might be even a larger choice of steamers than there used to be. Instead of this, however, I found that there is as yet no foreign line of steamers using the canal, which still lies awaiting the traffic that is to come. Various reasons have been reported as to the cause of this delay, but these, as Herodotus would say, I forbear to repeat, well knowing what I am about. There is undoubtedly truth somewhere among the stories I have heard, but it is not worth while to inquire where. The fact is, that for the present there are two steamers leaving Brindisi every week for Patras, that both leave on the same day and at the same hour, that both keep within sight of each other all the way, and that it is merely a chance which reaches its destination first. There is just enough of the flavor of old times in this arrangement to remind one that it is the same part of the world in which he used to travel.

From Patras the journey to Athens has been for some years made by rail, and this day of railway is more than sufficient to make up for the disappointment of not sailing through the canal. The sail through the Gulf of Corinth was always one of the most delightful experiences in Greece, but I do not remember that the scenery was either so attractive or so impressive as it is from the railway, which runs all the way close to the southern shore, and, having crossed the Isthmus, skirts the coast of Megaris. This railway journey is worth crossing the Continent to take. The St. Gothard line is the only one in Europe which for beauty of scenery will at all compare with it, and the scenery along that route lacks the associations which give this a double charm and interest. For the best effects the sun is necessary. On a cloudy day the great element of its beauty—the color—is lacking. But with the sun full upon it, one gets that wonderful combination which I have never seen outside of Greece, of a light landscape against a dark sky, a sky in which the blue is of the purest and deepest, below which the mountains, in their delicate shades of pink and violet, seem to rest like clouds upon the earth, rather than to be a part of it. In the foreground, the gulf plays its part in the color scheme, the muddy rivers of the southern coasts sending out great shafts of green or yellow into the blue or purple of its own waters. Everything is delicate both in line and color. From the mountains along the northern coast rise others behind them, and in the backgrond Kiona, covered with snow, crowns the whole. Parnassos itself is in full view nearly all the morning, and, be-

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yond it, the broad back of Helikon, the snow upon them quivering in the thin, clear atmosphere. On the other side of the railway are Erymanthos, Kyllene, and the hills which lead from them down to the sea.

After a comfortable halt for luncheon at New Corinth, we strike the isthmus, crossing the canal at a height of nearly two hundred feet, where it looks like a tiny thread between its huge, shelving walls. The isthmus passed, the line begins to climb the cliffs of Megaris, and here we come upon the most exciting, as well as the most inspiring, part of the day. The train winds along the Skironian rocks, which in many places have been blasted out to accommodate the railway; and, high above the sea, into which we should drop if a bolt gave way, we look out upon Aegina, Salamis, and the shores behind them, Hymettos and Pentelikon in the background, the bay of Eleusis and the mountains of Argolis. Indeed, the whole journey is like a great crescendo passage, reaching its climax as we come down through the Attic plain from the north, with the superb outline of the Akropolis in full view, and below it the city sparkling in the afternoon sunlight.

As to Athens itself, it would be idle to attempt an enumeration of the changes which have taken place in the last nine years. The city has grown, of course; there are more fine houses than there used to be, and many more of the humbler class. The number of good or pretentious shops has likewise increased; but in general the aspect of the city is the same. The streets are still either very muddy or very dusty, accordingly as it rained to-day or yesterday; the number of officers promenading them still suggests an army of untold proportions; and the stony little lanes leading up to the Akropolis are still as tortuous and deceptive as ever. But in what most concerns us there have been great changes, and, if one may judge from a week's experience, all for the better. The antiquities are now really taken care of. Even the Areopagos has an iron railing around the greater part of it, to protect the Grotto of the Furies from the profanations of the degenerate natives who no longer fear their terrors. The ruins of the Dipylon, also, and the cemetery outside it, have been enclosed, and must now be approached through gates which are guarded by custodians.

Of the Akropolis I shall speak presently, but I wish first to say something about what is practically a new creation since my last visit —the National Museum. Those who saw it in former days will remember the general air of shiftlessness which characterized both the building and its surroundings; the great yard between it and the street, filled with inscribed stones, which were arranged in a feeble attempt at order, with here and there among them the fragments of a grave-relief, waiting apparently for Time itself to join them together; the great unfinished façade of rubble, waiting for years—as everything used to wait in Greece—for its outer coating of stucco or marble; the interior, only a part of which was finished, with its cold gray walls, making merely a storehouse for the marble treasures, which were either leaned up against the walls or lying on the floor. A few of the more important statues had been set up, some of the fragmentary reliefs had been put together, and I remember one room around which busts were ranged, Greek and Roman indiscriminately. Now all this is changed. The yard in front has become a park or garden, with a large basin of water in the centre and shrubs and plants arranged in plots about the avenues which lead to the building. The inscriptions have been carried into the basement, where they form part of a valuable epigraphic collection, which was in charge of Dr. Lolling until his death, a few weeks ago. The building is finished, its façade consisting of an Ionic portico, with a long wing running out on either side; and if it is not beautiful, it is certainly no worse than most museums. The interior, which has only one story, consists of a chain of twenty-four rooms or halls surrounding two courts. On the inner or court side of these rooms, and connected with them, is a second series, smaller and narrower, of the kind known as cabinets. From the entrance-hall one passes to the left into the collection of sculpture, which now occupies fourteen of the larger rooms. The size of these has been admirably chosen, as they are all large enough to give an impression of space and dignity, yet most of them will admit but a limited number of statues or large works, so that there is no danger of bewildering or overwhelming the visitor with the sight of too many objects at once. The walls are painted a deep, warm red, and, with few exceptions, the rooms are lighted from one side only, the windows being high in the wall. A top light would have been still more effective, but this is so much better than the average that one cannot complain.

As a whole, I am inclined to say that this is the most effective museum of sculpture I know, yet I am not sure that the beauty of its contents has not something to do with this judgment, and also the fact that it is so vastly superior to what we used to expect. Certainly, if we take the contents themselves into consideration, there is no museum to compare with it, because everything here is Greek. There is, to be sure, nothing equal to the marbles which have gone to London, there is no single figure which equals the Venus of Melos, but there is that unmistakable delicacy of the pure Greek spirit pervading every individual fragment in the collection, from the crude "Apollos" down to the portraits of the Romans, which is not to be found to the same degree in any other collection. I do not know whether this charm is to be analyzed, but perhaps it is due to the very fact that the majority of the works here are of the less pretentious kind—gravestones, votive reliefs, and the like —in which the artistic instinct that was in the people expressed itself least consciously. In looking at these monuments one certainly has the feeling that we are seeing the Greek artist at home, and the feeling is based upon something more substantial than sentiment.

In the central portion of the museum is a large hall containing the works of the Mykenæan epoch—all the treasures found at Mykenæ itself, and those from other sites of the same period, such as Tiryns, Vaphio, Spata, and Menidhi. Here, without question, the museum is unrivalled, as all the other museums in the world combined could not produce a room like this. With the nature of the contents your readers are familiar, and it only remains to say that the arrangement of them is excellent, and the lighting much more satisfactory than that in the room of the Polytechnic Institute where they used to be exhibited. This winter the vases and terracottas have also been moved from the Polytechnic to the museum, where they are now being arranged in the rooms to the right of the entrance. In the first room of this series all the important bronzes in the possession of the Greek Government are being brought together, even the museum of Olympia and that of the Akropolis having been deprived of their principal pieces to make up this collection. The walls of all these rooms are lined with cases, and there are table cases standing about the floor; but few of them have been arranged yet, so that it is too early to describe them.

Turning now to the Akropolis, there is much less change in its external appearance than I had expected to find. I use the word external advisedly, because, although the surface looks practically as it used to do, every cubic foot of soil, down to the living rock, has been carefully turned over in the past twelve years, and sifted of its contents. Many of those who have read the accounts of the excavations must have wondered, as I did, whether the Akropolis was to be stripped of all its covering, and whether the demands of scientific curiosity would result in leaving it too realistic an illustration of the naked truth; but this has not been done. Even on the east front of the Parthenon, where the massive foundations were disclosed to a depth of twenty-five feet or more—I do not remember the exact figures—the soil has been put back, and even the fragments lying on the top have been replaced, though in a somewhat more orderly fashion than they were before. During the excavations all the data were measured, described, and photographed with the utmost detail, so that, although the surface looks as it did formerly, we know what lies, or what used to lie, below it, and, so far as one can foresee, it will never be necessary to excavate the enclosure of the Akropolis again. Some changes have of course resulted from this work. In several places the inner face of the surrounding wall has been left exposed, to show the architectural members of older buildings built into it, the space thus left being carefully protected from caving in by sustaining walls. In the same manner remains of the prehistoric period, and of the building to the southwest of the Parthenon, which lie far below the present level, have been left open, also protected by walls. The fragments of the Parthenon lie about in less picturesque confusion than formerly, but much more conveniently for those who wish to study them in detail, as the soil has been cleared out from around them, and the blocks themselves have been placed with some regard to the relative position in which they belonged.

The little museum on the Akropolis has grown considerably, as everybody knows, from the fruits of the excavations of which I have been speaking. Its chief additions are the painted fragments and statues, the most important of which have been made familiar in many publications. But I notice a very marked change in the condition of the colors of those I saw in 1885. The reds are fast disappearing; and, in fact, they are already gone entirely from many details where they were brilliant when the figures were discovered. The blues and greens have darkened considerably, and give but a poor impression of the bright color scheme which they formerly suggested. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts is to be congratulated on having acquired Gilliéron's water-colors of the best of these figures, made at the time of their discovery. As documents the value of his drawings will soon be inestimable; for even now it would be difficult for those who did not see the sculptures then to realize that some of the colors he noted had ever been on them. This disappearance of the colors is apparently inevitable. With the attention given to the antiquities under the able administration of Mr. Kavvadias, and with the jealous eyes of the members of four archæological schools constantly upon him, we may

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be sure that these important traces would have been preserved if possible, but I believe no method of fixing them has yet been discovered. By and by the last scrap will have disappeared not only from these but from similar remains in other museums, and then those who do not like to believe that the Greeks painted their sculptures will no longer have the evidence of their own eyes to controvert them.

In closing this fragmentary account of the improvements which have taken place here within the last few years, I wish to acknowledge my own share of the gratitude and appreciation which every student of Greek art owes to Mr. Kavvadias, to whom much of what I have described is due. Working in behalf of an impoverished government, and with indifferent support from his associates, it is he who has completed and arranged the National Museum, adding largely to its contents, and carried out the work upon the Akropolis, as well as at Epidauros and other sites. Thanks to the liberality with which he administers his office, the foreign students now enjoy privileges and opportunities which were never hoped for in the old days; and, thanks to his energy, *something is done*. That is what used to be promised, and what we used to wait for, but under the old system we waited in vain.

EDWARD ROBINSON.

P. S.—In my last letter I spoke of the Hermes at Olympia as being suspended by the iron brace which is fastened into his back. I have since learned that I was mistaken, as the figure is supported by iron bars running from the knees down even through the pedestal and floor into the ground, the brace being an extra precaution against danger from earthquakes. This explains its presence, but does not excuse the inartistic manner in which such a support has been contrived, or the unsightly effect, which might easily have been obviated by treating it less baldly.

ÎLE DE FRANCE AND PICARDY.—II.

LONDON, April, 1894.

FROM Reims we came to one-syllable Laon, a city set upon a hill—the people say a mountain—apt for defence against the Gallic tribes in the Roman times or the wandering bands of mediæval robbers. A steep climb, that reminds one of Chattanooga or Montreal, brings one to a town which could not be complained of as modern or commonplace. The cathedral is seen, as they say a cathedral should be, through narrow streets that give you a glimpse of part of an arcade, a rose window, a sculptured portal, a columned tower, and make you wish to see more. But it is not merely the immediate neighborhood of the cathedral that is mediæval; the whole city is of a piece. Just covering the top of an abrupt hill, which commands the plain on every side, its lofty position, that repelled the attacks of Gauls, Alans, Vandals, Huns, and Normans, has also kept off the innovations of this century. The stream of modern ideas and fashions has passed by it below, with the railroad and all its abominations. As you lean over the rampart in the evening, there is a long line of blinding electric arcs three hundred feet below you; but if you glance up, you will see that the street light casting its feeble glimmer around is a simple oil lamp. The contrast is typical of the place. Below, the freight-yards, the coal-sheds, the factories, and what bustle there is in a not very bustling city; on the hill, the houses, whose projecting stories and distorted tiled roofs and constantly varying skyline mark them for constructions of another age; the narrow, winding streets, the alleys running under arches, the carved gateways of the larger houses; the images on the corners of the streets; the ancient ramparts, their gates flanked with solid towers, now useless for defence, but dear to the painter and the stroller; the tiny little shops, and the market in the open street. It would be misery to live there, but one might well spend a week or two in becoming familiar with every nook, corner, turn of its streets, and every changing aspect of the distant hills and the vine-clad slopes of the horse-shoe valley enclosed within the mountain's arms—for the hill is a crescent, from which feature some antiquaries derive its name, Laon (old Loon, Latin Laudunum), from *loo*, double, *om*, arm, *dun*, hill. They point in confirmation to Cæsar's name for it, Bibrax, formed from *brachium*, like *biceps*, *bidens*, *bipes*, from *caput*, *dens*, *pes*. But there are those who say that Bibrax is another town, and that *om* never meant arm. *Adhuc sub judice lis est.*

It might perhaps be misery to live here now, but happiness compared to life here in the past. The Laonnois is not that happy country which has no history. Five sieges which the town resisted successfully, sixteen in which it was taken and more or less sacked; four great epidemics, two of which killed each over a third of the inhabitants; uncounted famines; a populace always ready for a fight; bishops always encroaching on the royal rights on the one hand and the liberties of the commune on the other; a great and bloody insurrection, a bloodier revenge of the nobles; a great conflagration; a great massacre—such in abridgment are the annals of Laon. Gaudri, Bishop of Laon, bad successor of a line of bad bishops, who swore to observe the charter which he had sold dear to the citizens, violated it as soon as he could, and in every way possible, and was slaughtered for his reward. Thomas de Marne, afterwards a Sire de Coucy, who harnessed his serfs to his carriage by cords passed through a hole in the nape of the neck and made them pull it till they fainted, who compelled others to give him money by hanging them up by the thumbs, and shut prisoners from whom he could extract nothing in a church which he set fire to, who even suspended his enemies by the tenderest parts of their bodies till these were torn out and the entrails protruded, who yet does not seem to have been much worse than the rest of his race; citizens who thought nothing of pushing a stranger into a trap and keeping him there till he paid a large ransom; municipal authorities who nailed the criminal hand and foot to the rocky bed of his tomb and left him to perish by hunger and thirst; serfs who, when they were at last moved to revolt, anticipated the brutalities of the French Revolution and more—these made a society from which it is not strange that quieter men escaped in crowds to the monasteries.

And yet, in spite of sieges, famines, and pestilences, the city was populous; in spite of fires, pillagings, and ecclesiastical exactions, it was rich; and, though turbulent and constantly at war with its bishop, it ended by having in the fifteenth century, for a population of 13,000 souls, thirty-nine churches and seventeen chapels, with the title of "Laon la Sainte." It must have been that Laon's safety from wandering bands attracted families from the open country; that the ecclesiastics, while they got all they could from the citizens, spent in the city the revenues of the neighboring lands; that though *droits de tonlieu, étal, vinage, rouage, jailage, lardage, rotage, jaugeage, plait l'évêque, jolonie, prise de grosses bêtes*, and the like, have an unpleasant sound, they were borne as are rates and taxes now, and, for the ruder impositions, men got accustomed to them; that the situation was good for the commerce of the time and the Laon burghers were enterprising and energetic; and that between the great calamities there were times of peace in which they could work and enjoy.

The cathedral was built in one of these intervals, after Gaudri, with many of the nobles, had been murdered by the burghers, the murdering party slain or driven from the city and their houses sacked, the city and cathedral burned. The extremists of both parties being out of the way, things went on more quietly. The bishop, clergy, and citizens joined to replace their burned cathedral in one of those bursts of enthusiasm which raised all of the great cathedrals of the thirteenth century, when people flocked in crowds to the place where a church was building, as to a pilgrimage, worked without wages, for their food alone, or, if they could not come and work, gave freely of their money for the glory of God and to buy their salvation. If the cathedral was not too large to be finished at one rush, it was quickly completed, as at Noyon and Laon. But if it was conceived on a plan too vast to be carried to an end within a few years, the inevitable cooling of the first ardor caused the work to drag, and either the plan was cut down, like Robert de Coucy's at Reims, or the church was left unfinished, like almost all the French cathedrals, and notably that at Beauvais, which has no nave at all. In two years enough of the cathedral of Laon was up to be dedicated, but parts were added for the next two centuries, and two towers of the transept have never been carried above the eaves of the nave.

The product, therefore, of a time of emotion, the cathedral has in an unusual degree the highest quality of architecture—expression. Besides all that a Christian church should signify, it clearly shows the stern, rugged force of the Laonnese. At a distance it has more the appearance of a castle than of a church; near at hand the lowness of the nave, the flatness of the arches, the solidity of the construction, the heaviness of the whole effect give this impression to one who knows nothing of Laon and its history. When he learns the character of the men who reared it, he feels that they could not have built otherwise. And though the cathedral dates from a period of reaction against the commune, yet no cathedral in its construction is better fitted to serve as the agora of the people. In fact, meetings were held there, causes were pleaded and decided, even merchandise was sold till that desecration was properly forbidden. There, too, were held certain festivals in which the spirit of the inferior clergy, pent up all the rest of the year, was allowed to break forth without restraint—saturnalia that held the same relation to the sacred services which the misshapen animals, grinning faces, and grotesque gargoyles wherewith the early churches are decorated bear to the images of the holy family and the saints: a safety-valve for the popular humor. Many towns had such feasts—Douai that of the Giant Gayant, Cambrai that of the Ducasse, Beauvais the Fête de l'Âne, Laon the Fête des Innocents and the Fête des Fous.

In the first, on St. Nicolas's Eve, the choir boys elected one of their number Bishop of the Innocents (in the Scotch sense, simpletons), and in the mass of that day, at the words of the magnificat, "Deposuit potentes de sede et exaltavit humiles," the boys rushed into the stalls, thrust out the canons, and, while the

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curé and the chaplains carried the cross and the candlesticks, the service continued with an inversion of the parts of priests and boys. During the ceremony they chanted a paraphrase on a passage in Revelation, beginning

"Beau sires Diex [Dieu] je vous demant
En dons en mon prologue avant
De la grace saínct esprí tant
Que ce vos plaise qe je chant."

After the mass a mystery was performed, and then choir boys, canons, curés, after all sorts of buffooneries in the church, rushed through the streets, singing, dancing, doing their best to make the public laugh. It was not till the sixteenth century that soberer spirits succeeded in getting this extravagance abolished.

The Fête des Fous was like unto it, with the chaplains and vicars as leaders. On the eve of the Fête des Rois a Patriarche des Fous was chosen. All masked and travestied themselves with a mixture of church vestures and theatrical costumes or of men's and women's clothing, and for two days celebrated the church services with every possible grimace, contortion, and joke. The most extravagant was the most applauded. As in the other fêtes, they danced through the streets to amuse the people, and at the end played a religious piece in the church, burlesquing it, making it a *mystère pour rire*, a comic sacred history. In 1456 the canons, wishing to abolish this custom (it is not said whether because it was undignified or because it was expensive to them, for they furnished a great supper to the Innocents and the Fous), were prevented by the bishops, whom it cost nothing. The bishops wisely preferred opening their great edifices to the crowd, even for such follies as this, to letting the people meet elsewhere. In the cathedral the popular assemblies necessarily would have something of a religious character, and the Church would be felt to be the centre of everything.

There are other buildings to fill out a week in Laon: the museum of mediæval curiosities; the library, with its fine manuscripts; the Church of St. Martin, contemporary with the cathedral; the leaning tower, whose foundations seem to have been sapped by a neighboring spring so that it has sunk till it is much more out of the perpendicular than the famous tower of Pisa, and indeed would have fallen long ago did it not rest comfortably on the hill behind it, and on a bit of wall which the attentive townsmen have built for it. But, after all, it is not any one thing so much as the effect of the whole that attracts; a traveller who had spent his week there might well find it more difficult to get away than we who were forced to go after a single night and day.

C. R.

Correspondence.

A WORD MORE FOR STRICKEN GREECE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The advices by mail down to April 27 now received emphasize the gravity of the situation in Greece as already reported by cable. The Athenian papers are full of dreadful details supported by long lists of the slain. In the single deme (municipality) of Larymna, comprising four villages, with an aggregate population of 3,000, 199 persons were killed outright and 130 wounded. The loss of child-life is enormous in its proportion. "Most of the victims are women and children—in the main, babes," writes the *Ephemeris* correspondent in Locris. "Of the men, the aged have paid the heaviest tribute of life to the earthquake. The ruthless dæmon has fallen on the feeblest beings. What dramas and what heartrending scenes! Babes slain upon their mothers' breasts or in their cradles!" And we are told of twenty-one children buried in the ruins of a single chapel. It is an appalling situation as portrayed in the Greek press—whole towns and villages, without a roof to shelter them, fleeing to the mountains or taking to their boats as if the sea might be more merciful than the land. The panic-terror recalls Thucydides's picture of the Plague.

May I, then, urge again the appeal of last week, and give it definiteness by a statement of what we have already done here? On Tuesday last a committee was constituted which at once took steps to interest the community. The appeal was primarily to the college and its immediate friends, but a circular letter was further sent to the secondary schools within our sphere of influence asking for their co-operation. It is not yet time for their response, but as the first fruits of a public meeting to day we have cabled Minister Alexander at Athens the sum of $350. And we hope to do much more.

We received one generous gift of $100, and there were three or four sums of $25 and upwards; but we particularly urged a popular subscription on the part of the college community, based on the unit of the Greek drachma at par (say twenty cents), and it was with pledges aggregating 300 drachmæ from the college classes that our movement started. We have suggested the same unit of contribution for our secondary schools. Will not the teachers of Greek throughout the country move on this line? Twenty cents is a trifle with us, but it means a day's living for a peasant family in Greece. In fact, it will buy nearly two drachmæ of their depreciated paper; and prices there have not gone up as fast as money has gone down. Let us, then, have a popular subscription, covering the entire area of Greek study among us, based upon the drachma and multiples of the drachma; five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five (say, $1, $2, $3, $4, $5). The committee already constituted here will gladly assist whenever called upon. The chairman is President Andrews, and the secretary is Prof. W. C. Poland, who has served as annual director of our School at Athens.

J. Irving Manatt.

Brown University, Providence, May 12, 1894.

A MEMORIAL TO TENNYSON.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It has been decided to erect on the highest point of the famous Down which overlooks the western end of the Isle of Wight, and separates the woods of Farringford from the sea, a lofty granite monolith in the form of an Iona cross. The design has been furnished by Mr. Pearson, the celebrated Royal Academician. With the permission of the masters of Trinity House, the present wooden pile, known to all mariners as the "Nodes Beacon," will be removed and its place taken by the "Tennyson Beacon."

The spot chosen is the "edge of the noble down" which Tennyson loved, and where he often, indeed almost daily, walked. As a land and sea mark, visible from all points by sea and shore for many miles, and in full view of every ship that passes the Needles, the Beacon Cross should form a conspicuous and fitting memorial to one of the greatest poets of our time and race.

A considerable sum has already been subscribed, but $1,000 more will be required to make the monument adequate in scale and finish. Every penny of this could be raised here to-morrow, but the undertaking is properly an international, not a national nor a local one, and I believe that there are many Americans who will gladly welcome the opportunity to contribute to the memorial fund, and it is hoped that the committee will be able to inscribe a record of this fact upon the Beacon Cross. Any subscription, however small, will be gratefully acknowledged by the committee as a loving tribute to the memory of a poet who belonged not to England only but to mankind.

I am desired to ask all who wish to contribute to send their subscriptions before July to the Rev. Joseph Merriman, D.D., chairman of the Tennyson memorial committee, Freshwater, Isle of Wight, England, by whom they will be at once acknowledged. A complete subscription list will be sent in due course to every contributor.

I am, sir, faithfully yours,

Arthur Warren.

Beach House, Freshwater, April 24, 1894.

"THE BILL, AND NOTHING BUT THE BILL."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will you permit me to express my gratitude to "L. N. D." for his appreciation of and sympathy with my efforts on behalf of cabinet government? I am sorry I cannot make a better return than to point out that the substitute which he proposes is quite inadequate.

The urgent need is not for a representation of the people, even as a whole, but for the representation of administration—the application, in the guidance of legislation, of the test of experience in the results obtained, whether good or bad, from the enforcement of laws already in existence. This can come only from the chief executive officials who are responsible for administration. Another object, almost equally important, is to furnish a training-ground for the evolution of administrators and statesmen. The men who, in conducting or in undergoing a fire of incessant cross-examination, can demonstrate that they possess these qualities, will furnish candidates for the selection of the people from above instead of those pushed up by caucus work from below. The political education of the people is another consequence by no means to be overlooked.

None of these requirements would be met by a new legislative committee even elected at large, not to mention that they would be looked upon by the other members with almost as much jealousy as the executive officers.

I fear we shall have to stick to the main issue and refuse to accept anything else, however long it may take to get it, and I venture to hope that "L. N. D." can be counted upon to enlist for the war.

G. B.

Boston, May 12, 1894.

Notes.

Dodd, Mead & Co. have in press 'The Issues of the Press in New York from 1693 to 1783,' by Charles R. Hildeburn, a handsome volume of some 500 pages, illustrated with two dozen facsimiles of title-pages, the edition being limited to 350 copies printed from type; also, an English translation of Balzac's letters to Mme. Hanska, lately given to the light in the *Revue de Paris*.

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In conjunction with T. Fisher Unwin of London, D. Appleton & Co. will publish an almost epoch-making work by Prof. William Martin Conway, called 'Climbing and Exploration in the Karakoram Himalayas,' with three hundred illustrations and a map. Besides its high scientific value, it is certain to take rank among the most readable works of a class associated in English with such names as Whymper, Stephen, and Tyndall.

The Century Company are about to issue a new Life of Roger Williams, by Oscar S. Straus, and the 'Jungle Book,' stories of animal life by Rudyard Kipling, gathered together from *St. Nicholas* and other sources.

J. Selwin Tait & Sons announce 'Cavalry Life in Tent and Field,' by Mrs. Orsemus B. Boyd, and 'The Green Bay Tree,' by the author of 'A Yellow Aster.'

T. Y. Crowell & Co. have nearly ready an historical and critical treatise on 'Modern Socialism and Social Reform,' by Prof. Richard T. Ely.

'Old and New Unitarian Belief,' by the Rev. John W. Chadwick, will soon be published by Geo. H. Ellis, Boston.

'Concrete Geometry for Grammar Schools,' by E. Hunt, former principal of the Girls' High School, Boston, announced by D. C. Heath & Co., is one of the fruits of the recommendations of the "Committee of Ten."

Henry Altemus, Philadelphia, will publish next month 'The Care of Children,' by Elizabeth Robinson Scovil.

In the strange wave of mysticism which swept over Spain in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, no figure stands out so prominently as that of Teresa de Ávila, who shares with the apostle Santiago the glory of being a patron saint of her native land. Her marvellous career, in which, with endless humility, resolution, and tact, she triumphed over persecution and founded the reformed order of Barefooted Carmelites, while enjoying visions of God and the unutterable raptures of ecstasy, has been the subject of innumerable biographers and has now found a new and most appreciative one in the person of Gabriela Cunninghame Graham, whose two portly octavos bear the imprint of Adam & Charles Black (New York: Macmillan). The authoress has all the enthusiasm necessary for the performance of her task—enthusiasm which seems to have carried her in pilgrimage to the spots hallowed by Teresa's labors—and she has produced a very readable account of the vicissitudes which marked the checkered life of the saint. There is perhaps too great a striving for the picturesque and too voluble a profusion of words, but these are faults readily pardoned by the general reader, who is not over particular about critical accuracy, and who, whether orthodox or heretic, can enjoy the romantic aspect of mystic devotion in its struggle with the hard realities of a selfish world, without inquiring too closely into the distinction between fact and legend. It may be suggested that in an extract from Teresa's *Carta* lxxvi. (vol. ii., p. 200) *letrados* should be rendered "lawyers" and not "men of letters."

Dr. Henry A. Mott's 'Yachts and Yachtsmen of America' (International Yacht Publishing Co.), a formidable first volume, occupies a place not before filled by the numerous publications concerning yachts, such as yacht lists and books of yacht-racing records. In many ways it comprises all the features of a yacht list and racing record, a history of yachting and a treatise upon the various rigs and types of yachts. The author has taken a commendable stand by insisting that rig, and rig alone, is the proper basis of classification of yachts. This will meet the approval of many yachtsmen who, in these days of fin-keels, bulb-fins, centreboard-fin-keels, and other modern variations in types of yacht hulls, find themselves somewhat bewildered by classifications which attempt to make distinctions between vessels based upon their model or type rather than upon the simple standard of rig. 'The Yachts and Yachtsmen of America' is of interest to every yachtsman who belongs to a yacht club, for the reason that nearly all the clubs of America find a place in its pages. The greater part of the book is devoted to historical sketches of yacht clubs, short biographies of leading yachtsmen, and descriptions of celebrated and typical yachts. Doubtless the most attractive feature of the work, and certainly one of the most valuable for reference, is its great number of excellent photographs of American yachts of every type and size.

M. Édouard Grenier, the poet, published in the *Revue Bleue* a series of interesting reminiscences of famous authors he has known or met in the course of his life. These articles have now been republished in book form, 'Souvenirs Littéraires' (Paris: Lemerre), and bear rereading with pleasure. M. Grenier relates delightfully, and makes us enjoy the company of Lamartine, Musset, George Sand, Mérimée, Sainte-Beuve, Augier, and others, as well as his own.

'La Rose de Grenade,' by Jean Rameau (Paris: Paul Ollendorff; New York: Charles Eitel), is well worth reading, if it were only for the first hundred pages, which contain a striking series of descriptions and episodes. It is a novel with a story and not an overdose of analysis, or psychology, or physiology, or anything else that most French novelists love to put into their books nowadays. The story is not new, the complications are familiar, the dénouement is in accord with the rules of poetic justice, and realists will object that the whole thing is trash. It is true that it interests, that it does not nauseate, that it is honestly a novel, and that it contains an effective opening; so the general public will like it, even if realists do not. One thing more: the hero has actually a will of his own, and, if somewhat romantic, is at least not the helpless, will-less sort of personages the novel-reader has been so much treated to.

M. Gilbert-Augustin Thierry has written some historical novels which have been well received. 'Le Masque' (Paris: Ollendorff) is not historical, that is clear; but it is not quite so clear, after one has perused it, that it has a religious character, and that it is "a cry to the unknown God." It reminds one of the nightmare passages in Bulwer-Lytton's 'Strange Story,' but it is not so powerful a work, so gruesome as 'The Haunted and the Haunters,' so fantastic as Hoffmann's 'Tales,' or so awfully oppressive as Maupassant's maniacal sketches. The author calls it a mingling of theurgic mysticism and materialistic mysticism. It may be that; it certainly is not a strong book or a very entertaining one.

As for Paul Gaulot's 'Les Chemises rouges' (Paris: Ollendorff), it is meant for a stirring, exciting historical novel of the days of the Red Terror. It utterly fails, nevertheless, to stir, or excite, or do anything else but make the reader feel exasperated at having waded through so much verbiage merely to feel bored from beginning to finish.

What is most valuable in M. Louis Ducros's new book about 'Diderot: l'Homme et l'Ecrivain' (Paris: Didier) is the chapter on the influence of English literature on the French writers of the eighteenth century. M. Ducros shows how strong the influence of Richardson was upon Diderot when he wrote 'La Religieuse,' and how the manner of Sterne suggested 'Jacques le Fataliste'—now remembered chiefly because M. Sardou found in one of its episodes the plot of his "Fernande." M. Ducros notes that Diderot met Sterne and begged the English author to send back to him in France the works of "Pope, Cibber, Chaucer, Tillotson, and Locke"—a strange medley of names.

M. Léon Gautier has at last brought out the second part of volume ii. of the second edition of his "Épopées Françaises" (Paris: H. Welter). Twelve years had elapsed since the fourth volume was published, and many scholars must long since have given up all hope of seeing the gap in their sets filled. M. Gautier has striven, in the volume before us, to give the complete history of the composition and transmission of the *chansons de geste*, from the earliest period to our own time; and he shows us the mediæval jongleur, the Renaissance romantic poet, and the modern philologist, all playing their several parts in this long and interesting story. Naturally much of what he tells was already known, but much also is new; and incidentally light is thrown upon several difficult problems of literary history. We can mention here only the discovery of a hitherto unnoted passage from the constitutions of Galterus, Archbishop of Sens, in regard to the Goliards, the mere date of which will compel an almost complete revision of the current speculation about the Goliards and their poetry. Now that M. Gautier has got this volume out of the way, it is to be hoped that he will proceed with the task, left unfinished in his fourth volume, of arranging and analyzing the existing *chansons de geste*. If at the same time he could a little restrain the ardor of his faith and his patriotism, his style would be more interesting to foreigners.

A wide welcome will greet the eighth edition of 'Ritter's Geographisch-Statistisches Lexikon,' under the direction of J. Penzler (Leipzig: Wigand; New York: Westermann). The first instalment of the first volume, *A-Amerika*, is before us, and, in the same printed measure, fills sixty-four pages, against forty-two of the sixth edition, which is nearest to our hand. This gazetteer needs no praise—its place is fixed among the most accurate and useful of our works of reference. It embraces all German places having 100, all Swiss and Austrian having 150, and other European places having from 300 to 500 inhabitants. The information regarding each is as full as possible for commercial and literary purposes.

The Napoleonic revival in the field of letters could not fail to find its echo in the ateliers. The first number of the *Figaro-Salon* (New York: Boussod, Valadon & Cie.) contained reproductions of two Napoleonic canvases, and the second, just to hand, contains three, without reckoning in, as we might, Georges Cain's picture of Sardou directing a rehearsal of his "Madame Sans-Gêne," with the actors in the costume of the First Empire.

The publication, under the auspices of the Hungarian Statistical Bureau, of the census reports which were gathered in 1890-'91, shows a lamentable degree of illiteracy among the inhabitants of the lands belonging to the Hungarian crown. Taking the kingdom in its entirety, it would appear that more than one-half of the total population is analphabetical—can neither read nor write; and among the Ruthenians this deficiency amounts to full 87

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per cent. In the region west of the Theiss, an area more than a third of the whole of Hungary, the amount of illiteracy does not differ greatly from that of western Europe generally, and it is believed that nearly every inhabitant over six years of age can both read and write. The total population of the kingdom was estimated at the close of 1890 to be 17,349,000, or almost double what it was a hundred years ago, with an increase of 1,700,000 in the last ten years. The Magyars proper comprise upwards of 7,400,000 souls, and the Germans about 2,100,000, the rest being divided, in the order of numbers, among the Croats and Serbs, Rumanians, Slovaks, Ruthenians, and Slovenians. From Dr. Supan's article on the same census in *Petermann's Mitteilungen* for March we learn that the total emigration of Hungarians to America since 1880, when the movement began, is estimated at 80,000, "of whom a large part return to their homes."

In the *Midland Monthly* for May, Mr. B. F. Tillinghast, Secretary of the Iowa Famine Relief Commission, gives the second instalment of his account of that noble charity, accompanied by interesting portraits and pictures of Russian village scenes. He describes the arrival at Riga of the *Tynehead*, with her cargo of corn, the method of despatching the grain to the suffering districts, the hearty voluntary labor of the working-people in forwarding this relief, the self-denial and heroism of all classes of Russian society during that trying time. As we read it we can well believe that the name of America will always be dear to Russians, even to such Russians as had never heard of our land until two years ago.

The article of most general interest in the *Annales de Géographie* for April is upon the Russian colonization of Central Asia. According to the author, M. Ed. Blanc, about one-fifth of the territory acquired during the past forty years is available for cultivation, the remainder being either sand desert or high mountain region. There have been three principal lines of penetration, from Orenburg, Omsk, and the Caspian, all joining at Tashkend. Along these, Russian villages have been planted according to the water-supply—for water, not land, is here the basis of wealth. In some districts each family is given one hundred and fifty acres of irrigable land and a spacious and well-built house with thick clay walls and a sheet-iron roof. The number of colonists is not stated, but to Tashkend alone 60,000 families came after the famine of 1891. In Bokhara, Ferghana, and Samarcand, colonization has not succeeded as it has done in the country of the Kirghiz, the natives of Turkestan proper far exceeding the Slavs in diligence and intelligence. They also show, under the guidance and patronage of the Government, remarkable success in adapting themselves to European methods of cultivation. A singular result of this recent development of hitherto waste regions is that Bokhara is "dying of thirst," her water-supply being exhausted by Samarcand. The only remedy is to take water from the Oxus, nearly two hundred miles distant. A canal for this purpose will probably soon be begun and completed in three years. M. A. Krasnoff contributes an interesting account of the steppes of southern Russia, whose treeless condition he attributes to natural, not artificial, causes, such as the cutting down or burning of forests.

The *Architectural Review*, Boston, is publishing a series of letters from a travelling correspondent, entitled "A Glimpse of Modern Greece," beginning at Olympia. They are very good reading and are charmingly illustrated by the camera.

The *Japan Weekly Mail* of March 17 has a long and curious article on "Foreign Literature in Japanese Garb." The task of presenting European and American books to Japanese readers is not one of translation merely, but of trans-nationalization, so to speak. Japanese views of life are so different from ours that a literal translation would often be incomprehensible except to Japanese who have travelled. Much ingenuity, sometimes perverse, sometimes praiseworthy, has been shown in overcoming this difficulty. Under the first head comes an old version of the "Merchant of Venice" (known in Japan as "Nin-niku saiban," or the human-flesh trial at law), in which *Shylock* is a palpable Aino, *Portia* a smirking music-girl, *Jessica* a Miyanoshita tea-house girl to the life, and so on. Ten years ago English novels were the first favorites; to day Russian and German books have a larger sale, Tolstoi being the most admired of all western writers of fiction. Goethe's 'Sorrows of Werther' is a great favorite, and his 'Reinecke Fuchs' is also popular, although "the Japanese lose much of the exquisite humor of this satire in their sympathy with the woes of the maltreated wolf." Schiller's 'Robbers' has not proved popular. Molière's 'L'Avare' has given general pleasure, while of Zola's books only one has been translated. Disraeli's 'Coningsby' did not succeed, nor did 'Ivanhoe,' partly owing to inadequate translation. Jerrold's 'Curtain Lectures' seems to have struck a responsive chord. 'Robinson Crusoe' also took well. Tennyson's 'Enoch Arden,' Stanley's 'Darkest Africa,' and Mrs. Burnett's 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' are among recent successful productions.

The leading article in the April number of *Die Gesellschaft*, a monthly journal published at Leipzig, is entitled "Caligula, eine Studie über römischen Cäzarenwahnsinn," in which the author, Dr. L. Quidde, an historian residing in Munich, editor of the quarterly *Zeitschrift für Geschichtswissenschaft*, member of the Bavarian Academy of Sciences, and President of the Munich Democratic Union, holds the mirror up to modern sovereigns, and shows a would-be German Cæsar his own feature and image. Caligula was very young and inexperienced when he unexpectedly came to the throne. One of his first acts was to make away with Macro, the counsellor of his predecessor, in order to assert his independence and to indulge his own whims, especially as regards social and economical reforms, of which he was utterly ignorant. Other characteristics mentioned are the extravagance with which the treasure accumulated by the severely frugal Germanicus and Tiberius was squandered, a mania for erecting costly edifices (also a "fad" of Ludwig II. of Bavaria), an irrepressible passion for speechifying on all occasions, a predilection for the sea and pleasure in yachting, military ambition, and fondness for frequently alarming the troops, desire to rejuvenate the army, inordinate zeal in punishing lese-majesty, nervous restlessness and intolerance of opposition, and finally autocratic utterances, such as εἷς κοίρανος ἔστω, εἷς βασιλεύς (let one be master, one king), *oderint dum metuant* (let them hate, provided they fear), recalling *voluntas regis suprema lex* (the king's will is the highest law), *sic volo, sic jubeo* (thus I will, thus I command), *cave ergo adsum* (look out, for I am here), and similar sayings which have recently excited much indignant comment and adverse criticism. Dr. Quidde traces the gradual development and fatal consequences of Caligula's megalomania, and refers twice to the late King of Bavaria, but makes no allusion to any other monarch.

A new stage device was introduced at the Théâtre Libre in Paris on April 26, when M. Luguet's play "Le Missionaire" was brought out. This is an approach towards a revival of the classical chorus. It differs from the chorus, however, in being what may be called a *solus*. It is one actor and not a band. While the drama is proceeding, this person stands in a little loggia that runs along the side of the stage, and in a loud voice makes a running comment on the play, revealing to the audience the true state of soul of the people represented. For instance, one of the personages rushes upon the stage, seizes his wife in his arms, and cries, "Je t'adore!" At once the solus lifts up his voice and declares: "Ce n'est pas vrai. Cet homme ne pense pas un mot de ce qu'il dit." So he goes on throughout the piece. What success this new device will obtain may perhaps be guessed.

—The production of Washington material is continuous, and presents some points of interest. The most novel contribution is that of Mr. W. S. Baker, who has collected in one volume the 'Early Sketches of George Washington' (Lippincott). At the beginning of the Revolution so little was known in England of the Virginia planter who had been chosen to command the Continental army, that hack writers manufactured stories of his career to meet the demand for information. The result was, as a rule, curious rather than instructive—fiction in place of biography. It must have greatly puzzled the readers of that day to read of so many Washingtons, of such diverse origins and experiences. The value of the collection lies in what is told by men who had been with Washington. George Mercer, who was his companion in service in the early colonial expeditions, in 1760 gave a brief sketch of his personal appearance and character. "In conversation he is deliberate, deferential, and engaging. His demeanor at all times composed and dignified. His movements and gestures are graceful, his walk majestic, and he is a splendid horseman." No other writer gives so good an account relating to so early a period in Washington's life. The tutor of Jacky Custis, Rev. Jonathan Boucher, also wrote from personal knowledge, but after the Revolution had divided the two men: "He is shy, silent, slow, and cautious, but has no quickness of parts, extraordinary penetration, nor an elevated style of thinking." Another Maryland divine, Rev. Bennet Allen, saw only negative qualities—mediocre abilities, reserved temper, want of education, and diffidence: "ambitious, with the fairest professions of moderation, and avaritious under the most specious appearance of disinterestedness." In all, fifteen sketches have been brought together, and short notes on the writers by Mr. Baker make it a valuable record. Peale's early study of Washington is reproduced as an illustration.

—In the report of the American Historical Association, that indefatigable collector of Washington lore, Dr. Toner, gives a part of the diary for 1774, with copious notes and references. He has prefixed a notable attempt to trace the history of the Washington books and papers, and, of course, records great losses through interest or carelessness. When Mrs. Washington and Lund Washington destroyed what letters of the general they had, the most free and intimate expressions of the man were lost. Dr. Toner rejects the story that Hamil-

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ton and Jefferson induced Lear to surrender to them their more confidential letters to the President. In the *Athenæum* (March 24) Gen. Meredith Read throws a side light on the Washington genealogy, giving the connections of Mildred Warner, daughter of George Reade and grandmother of Washington. By an oversight he omits to mention the wife of George Reade, and that is supplied in the latest issue of the *Virginia Historical Magazine*—Elizabeth, daughter of Capt. Nicholas Martian. A second attempt to sell the doubtful Duché MS. has been made in Philadelphia. The cataloguer guarantees the document, but, as he insists that the original letter to Washington has been lost, his guarantee is valueless. If he would compare his paper with the original in the Department of State, Washington, the guarantee would be better worthy of credence.

—In their 'Report on Governmental Maps for Use in Schools' (Henry Holt & Co.), Prof. Davis and his colleagues, C. F. King and G. L. Collie, a committee of the Chicago Conference on Geography, have opened a new field of culture. The causes of the shapes of the landscape have occupied the attention of an important school of geologists for two decades, and the technical literature thus produced evinces great progress, but the subject has been only sparingly treated in popular works, and its popularization is difficult because the types of form which constitute its best object-lessons are so widely scattered that the student can see but one or two without travel. The best substitute for the actual forms in nature is a series of accurate topographic maps, or maps representing faithfully not only streams, roads, and towns, but plains, valleys, hills, and mountains; and within a few years a rich store of such illustrative material has been placed within easy reach of our teachers and pupils. A half-dozen Government organizations, and especially the Geological Survey and Coast Survey, are engaged or have recently been engaged in the production of topographic and hydrographic maps of superior quality, and these maps may be obtained either without charge or at nominal prices. They offer the geographical student, not ideal types of form, but, what is better, actual types—just such subjects for analysis and explanation as he will encounter if he becomes a traveller. Heretofore this material, created and used for very different purposes, has not served the teacher. In general he is not aware of its existence, or, if aware, he does not know how to use it; and it is the mission of the new pamphlet to remove these two obstacles. It describes the maps as to size, field, and scope, and tells how they may be obtained; it selects for special mention certain individual sheets of peculiar educational value and describes each of them, pointing out the physiographic laws they severally illustrate; and it tells how to make maps most effective as means of instruction. In point of clearness, directness, suggestiveness, and adaptation to its purpose, it is all that could be desired, and it may be commended without reserve to every teacher of geography who is willing to add a new realm of interest to his field.

—By the completion of the map prepared under the direction of the Ministère de l'Intérieur, as just announced by Hachette & Cie. of Paris, France is now provided with two fine topographical charts. One, prepared primarily for the use of the army, and called "La carte de l'état-major," is on a scale of 1:80,000, and was completed in 273 sheets, 63x90 centimetres each. Of this map a new popular issue was begun in 1889 and is still in progress of printing, the latest available corrections being incorporated, and the date of revision being stated on each portion published. It is printed, without colors, in quarter sheets covering about 18x30 kilometres of territory, in such wise that four of them can be united when it is desired to mount them for wall use. These quarter-sheets are sold at 30 centimes each (equal to 6 cents), and the tourist who desires to make pedestrian excursions in France will find them economical and efficient aids to making his way with ease and certainty. Capt. J. Molard of the French army has prepared a useful booklet entitled 'La Carte de l'État-Major: Guide pour sa Lecture,' which is sold for 40 centimes. The map by the Department of the Interior, which may be called, by way of distinction, the civil-service map of France, is on a slightly smaller scale, 1:100,000 (1 centimetre: 1 kilometre), and the sheets are somewhat larger, their size being determined by the crossings of the parallels of latitude and longitude, each sheet covering one-half of a degree of longitude by one-quarter of a degree of latitude. The sheets are about 28x38 to 41 centimetres and cover the same number of kilometres of surface, but in cases where natural boundaries extend somewhat beyond these limits, they are nevertheless included, and the sheets along the national borders are always filled up, the non-French territory being exhibited with the same minuteness (so far as the materials are available) as the ground of France.

—This beautiful map is printed in five colors: red to show the roads, blue for the watercourses, green to indicate forests, lead color to show the conformation of surface, and black for other necessary indications. Its minuteness is remarkable. Five kinds of lines indicate different boundaries, from national to communal; an equal number of styles of type represent administrative distinctions; and, in the case of railroads, not only are double and single-track lines distinguished, but also narrow-gauge roads and tramways, while tunnels, viaducts, bridges, and stations are marked, and care is taken to indicate clearly whether roadways are carried over or under the rails, or across them on a level. The various kinds of roads, national highways, departmental or communal avenues, and even private roads and mountain footpaths, are shown and distinguished, as well as those in course of construction. The limits of river navigation are indicated, and all ports, bridges, ferries, turn-outs, etc., are shown, the same being done in the case of canals. In connection with the names of places, the population of each is stated, down to the smallest hamlet; and conventional signs show the locations of post and telegraph offices, churches, chapels, country seats, farms, water and wind-mills, gas and iron works and other manufactories, lighthouses, beacons and buoys, thermal and mineral springs; while altitudes are stated. Withal the map is remarkably clear and presents a beautiful appearance. There are 587 sheets in all, but any one is sold separately at a uniform price of 80 centimes, or, when folded into a lettered cloth case, 1 franc, while the sheets can be had on demand mounted on cloth at an extra charge of 75 centimes. Certain popular portions of the map are issued in special form, such as the two sheets for Paris and its environs, which are mounted on cloth, folded, and bound as one sheet at a price of 3 francs; and in similar convenient form can be had the Normandy shore, the neighborhood of Saint-Malo, and the forest of Fontainebleau.

—The issue of the hundredth volume of the Munich *Fliegende Blätter*, which has begun with the present year, is an event of considerable interest in the annals of jocose journalism. The first number of this humorous sheet appeared in October, 1844, and took its name from the satirical pamphlets that played such an important part in the polemics of the Reformation and in the German literature and politics of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Its founders were Kaspar Braun and Friedrich Schneider, the former a highly original artist, endowed with an exhaustless fund of trenchant wit and cheerful comicry, the latter as remarkable for his geniality and tact as for his fine literary taste and uncommon business talent. These men were in every respect the complements of each other, and the combination of their opposite qualities supplied all the elements essential to the success of their enterprise. In the beginning the new comic paper was published frequently but irregularly; very soon, however, it became permanently established as a weekly. The early volumes differed from the later ones in giving large scope to political satire, which the state of Germany at that time rendered it difficult not to indulge in. The follies and abuses in state and society, the perversion of justice by secret courts of criminal jurisdiction, the stupid censorship of the press, bureaucratic redtapeism, petty imperiousness of the police, particularism in politics, philistinism in life and literature, and conventionalism and sentimentalism in art, were made the butts of ridicule. During the first twenty-five years of its existence the edition of the *Fliegende Blätter* gradually increased from 4,100 to 12,000; after the achievement of the political unity of Germany in 1871, it rose rapidly to 20,000 and 30,000, and is now nearly 100,000.

—The remarkable freshness and variety of its contents are due to the fact that it is not the organ of a club of wits or any association of professional humorists, and is absolutely free from every sort of cliquism. It is the intellectual product of the whole nation, a faithful mirror of good-natured Bavarian humor and South German *Gemüth*, just as *Kladderadatsch* and *Wespen* reflect the ready raillery and keen sarcasm of Berlin, and *Kikeriki* represents the sprightly persiflage and ironical pleasantry of Vienna. Unlike its elder brother *Punch*, it does not take its tone from the genius of an individual—a Douglas Jerrold or a Thackeray; and it differs from the Italian *Arlecchino* and *Pasquino*, the Spanish *Gil Blas* and *El Cascabel*, and the French *Journal pour Rire*, in being thoroughly decent as well as highly entertaining. Its pages are never sullied by an equivocal allusion or indelicate *double entente*, such as no gentleman would venture to repeat in the presence of a lady, and it is, therefore, a welcome guest at every fireside. Contributions are constantly received from all kinds of people. Every one who thinks he has a good joke or humorous conceit, sends it in; if used, it is paid for; if not, it is conscientiously returned. In turning over the successive volumes of the *Fliegende Blätter*, one gets a general survey of the various changes which art, especially as embodied in the German schools of painting, has undergone during the last half century from the cold classicism of Cornelius, the symbolical idealism of Kaulbach, and the somewhat chalky romanticism of Moritz von Schwind to the realism of Harburger and Fritz von Uhde. It is also interesting to trace here the evolution of wood-engraving and the

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rapid improvement in xylographic technics and printing processes, especially within the past twenty years. The present publishers are the sons of the founders of the journal.

THE YOKE OF THE VIRGIN.

A Yellow Aster. By Iota. New York: D. Appleton & Co. and M. J. Ivers & Co.; Chicago: Chas. H. Sergel Co.

OUR unappreciated novelists and miscellaneous writers have long enjoyed an enduring theme for times of dearth, to wit, the feebleness of modern English fiction, the reason for which, it is unanimously agreed, may be found in a tacit understanding with the public that the young girl is not to be shocked. The tone of these perennial articles has always been despondent because no one could hit on a practicable scheme for eliminating the young girl from our social system, and it has seemed hopeless to urge the passing of a law declaring it immoral for her to learn to read before she has ceased to be young or a girl and making infringement a penal offence. Deep depression has in consequence settled down upon those among us who crave powerful and inspiring fiction, and a conviction that, as the young girl cannot be got rid of, we must be at the pains of acquiring foreign tongues. But when the time is ripe for reform, deliverance is usually close at hand. In antiquity the hour always produced the man, now it is prolific of the woman, and it is not surprising that there has at last arisen in England a band of untrammelled spirits (feminine) to whom this ridiculous deference to virgins is intolerable, and who have apparently sworn to shatter the fetish. Any respectable object of reverence which they meet upon their way they promptly fling a brick at, for how shall superstition be extinguished if the least of idols be left intact in the shelter of a shrine?

The speed with which this spirited band has accomplished its object is a severe reproach to those who have so long protested without suggestion and mourned without hope. If they are thus deprived of a hitherto reliable source of income, it is no more than they deserve for their dulness and fatal lack of enterprise. They must see that their occupation's gone, for, when their bugaboo, the maiden, can be heard at every corner enticing diffident young men into discussion of the 'Heavenly Twins,' the 'Superfluous Woman,' and the 'Yellow Aster,' it is clear that her existence can no longer be truthfully said to cramp the novelist's genius. Thanks to well-directed and combined attack, the blushing maiden is rapidly becoming extinct; ere long she will have retreated to the mountain passes and desert places, and so awed are we by her ruthless assassins, by their scorn of our sentimentality, their jeers at our prudishness, their scornful diatribes against our sinful indifference to the welfare of the race, that we have not the pluck to pay her, vanishing, the tribute of a furtive tear. The most we dare to do for her is to maintain a critical attitude towards her successors, and, if ever their superiority should seem doubtful, to give her the benefit of the doubt.

It is reasonable to assume that the girl of the future will resemble the creations of those who have annihilated our common, obstructive girl, and that reconstruction will follow the lines of their explicit commandments. Until we can have the felicity of examining the real thing in considerable numbers, we are compelled to restrict ourselves to the fictitious models. Of these the "superb, dominant creature," the "magnificent, inscrutable creature," who is also the "Yellow Aster," presents the most startling variations from the known type of girl, and may therefore be accepted as the nearest to that which we shall presently know in its perfection. Blessed be modern science! All things seeming strange or anomalous or incredible about the "Yellow Aster" are accounted for by her parents, who, to continue the floral metaphor, may be called a blue chrysanthemum and a black rose. Phenomenal they certainly are, quantities hitherto unknown to experience, and an awful example of the dehumanizing effect of exclusive devotion to abstract science. We should like to mention the science of their adoration by name, so as to warn possible fathers and mothers against it, but the author's guarded references to mathematical problems and exhumed skeletons furnish no means for positive identification. Whatever it was, it embittered the Aster fearfully; it gave her strange habits of frowning, and snorting, and smiting her hands; it made her vocabulary harsh and rude; and, though it developed a fine capacity for hating and sneering, it crushed every impulse of tenderness and affection to the extent of making her sceptical about the reality of such qualities.

The childhood of the Aster was therefore not lovely, and even the ministrations of a rector singularly liberal in his ideas and practices, and of his wife, who would wear clothes deemed not fitting to her station, did little to repair the ghastly wrongs inflicted by the unmentionable science. From the moment of her début in society the Aster began to wreak her revenge, and on those innocent beings who, never even having heard of the science, were quite unprepared for her ferocity. Her progress, we are told, was marked by "suggestions of stifled groans and hidden wounds and blood streams." These horrid evidences of anguish must have proceeded from sympathetic spectators, because in the same breath we learn that her "victims fell to right and left without a groan or murmur." In the presence of such misery the most callous of old-fashioned girls would have softened and repented; not so the Aster. When she fled the arena, it was to sit alone, grim and adamantine, taking a vapor bath in "the steam of victims sacrificed in her honor." Cleopatra swallowing pearls is a comparatively poor figure for luxury. Much force is lost through lack of concentration, and it was probably a realization of this truth that induced the Aster to forego the slaughter of many for the joy of torturing one. Sir Humphrey Strange did not rush blindly to his doom. He was a noted traveller, familiar with exotics, and at once recognized the rarity of the Aster, "feeling as a worm before her." To win and wear this unique blossom becomes a consuming passion, and it is as we follow his reflections about ways and means that we perceive the author is done with preliminary battering, and is about to begin the serious attack on our cherished idol, the young girl.

Now, a cardinal principle of our band of reformers, or iconoclasts, as you please, is that life can be purified only by delving for hidden impurity, by spreading it out for general inspection, and, above all, by insisting that it shall be the subject of a searching analysis conducted in partnership by young men and women contemplating matrimony. Some of the band, doubtless hampered by traditional respect for maiden modesty, have weakly leaned to the notion that it is the mother's duty to interrogate the prospective son-in-law about his knowledge of sin and impart the result to her daughter. Fathers and brothers are considered incompetent for this purpose, presumably because, being men, they may be suspected of disinclination to give another man away. Sir Humphrey Strange is a man of mettle. He pounces on the Aster in pensive mood and desires to speak to her "as man to man," or "as if she were God"—this with intention of asking her to marry him and as a preliminary to confession of his previous amours. The Aster's habitual "cold aloofness" is disturbed; she passes from "a burst of angry horror" to a state of "sneering excitement," but listens just the same, as man, or as God, to what Sir Humphrey has to say. It must have been pretty bad, for he is described as "speaking of dozens of spades," and the author's sympathetic comment is that that "is no joke before a virgin-clean woman." No joke indeed, and apparently destructive of the Aster's virgin cleanness, for she at once agrees to marry him "as an experiment," and mourns that their exalted social station prohibits their living together except as man and wife. Her demoralization is so complete that she presently takes to "smiting her clenched fists angrily" and shouting for the "feelings of bad women, women who have sinned, sinned solidly for love." Her longing for these maddeningly elusive feelings affects her almost as extraordinarily as the cult of science affected her parents.

The narration of her struggles to get hold of them is heartrending. For months she preserved outwardly an appalling calm, but, "her room could tell strange tales when she shut herself in and threw up the sponge till another round." Occasionally she sought the woods, let down her hair, and had a round with the wintry blast. But comfort in the form of thrills and glows and spasms refused her call, and at last, in desperation, she rounded on her husband and volubly scourged him for the sin, disgrace, and shame in which by marrying her he had involved her. Alas for Sir Humphrey! All his candor had not sufficed. He might just as well have spoken to her as a woman and politely ignored spades. This scene, wherein Sir Humphrey and, through him, all men are, vulgarly speaking, pulverized, lays the author and the cause sadly open to the laughter of the profane. If much that precedes is not the raving of insanity, how could the situation ever have come about?

In default of any other possible justification, we are obliged to regard it as the climax of effort for the emancipation of the English novelist from the yoke of the virgin. Fearless now of censure or of diminution of sales, our novelists may proceed to tear away any poor shreds of decency that cling to and clog the skirts of society, restricted only by a careful assumption of a burning sense of their duty to the race. Let them, however, still beware of the sparkling, purposeless indecency of the Gaul. The "gay galoot" who should try that sort of thing would speedily be had up before a society for the prevention of vice, and the very ladies who had led him on would shriek with accusation. No, he (in time the band may include a he) must bear in mind that, as his predecessors wrote largely for young girls, it is his glorious privilege to write chiefly for Yellow Asters, and while conscientiously revealing the sin and shame of life and maintaining a high standard of frankness and plainness of speech, he must ever regard himself as an apostle of science and a torch-bearer for virtue. He must also remember that on him is laid the burden of fulfilling prophecy. He is bound to show that power and inspiration which he al-

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ways said he would when once his fetters were broken. Should he fail, may he share that fate which (doubtless from a silly infatuation about the exterminated maiden) we trust may yet overtake his female forerunners—"to fill a vacant hour with prattle and be forgotten."

THE TURNING-POINT OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

B. F. Stevens's Facsimiles of Manuscripts in European Archives relating to America, 1773-1783. Vol. XIX., Nos. 1703 1761. 1893.

THERE is no lack of dramatic intensity in the concluding despatches of this volume, nor is the element of irony absent. On December 5, 1777, (No. 1754) Beaumarchais, in his communication to Vergennes, tells how, in the hurry to get to Paris with M. Grand on the news of Burgoyne's surrender, they were both upset; Grand's shoulder was broken, while he himself had a great flow of blood from the nose and mouth, for which he was promptly bled at the foot. Although in addition to these adversities "the vertebræ of the neck were almost broken," he continues sorrowfully, "it is not my postillion who is killing me, it is M. de Maurepas." He is sure, however, that "the true friends of the cause will not be deserted," and with Gallic buoyancy proclaims: "I am the voice which cries for them from the depths of my bed, *De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine, Domine, exaudi orationem meam.*" Then follows one of the early mentions of the surrender which threw the support of France unreservedly in our favor.

No. 1756, also dated on December 5, is from James Lowrey to Mons. St. Piere. If any reasonable doubt exists that St. Piere was Dr. Bancroft, the memorandum by Deane on the back of this letter conclusively decides them to have been the same person. Lowrey's identity is still unknown, but he shows a close intelligence of the doings and sayings, too, of the English ministry. The news of the surrender was received by North "at 12 on Tuesday night [December 3], just after he returned from a long and fatiguing Debate in the House of Commons." Lowrey says that upon Sir William Howe is laid by administration the chief blame of the defeat, because of his expedition to Chesapeake Bay when Washington was so strong in the Jerseys. He should have aided Burgoyne's junction with his army by moving towards Albany.

So much for the news in England and in France. Meanwhile, on December 5 (No. 1757), Stormont writes with much eagerness to Vergennes informing him of the successes of Howe, Clinton, and Cornwallis in the middle provinces during September and October, but utters not a word as to Burgoyne. On the next day he writes to Weymouth (No. 1759), looking for an explanation of the paradox that while Franklin is claiming much for the prosperous condition of things in America (still not a word as to Burgoyne), insinuations, inspired by Franklin, are abroad that *now* is a good time for England to make peace. He holds that Franklin is in correspondence with some one in England, and the Lowrey letter is corroboration that Stormont's opinion was shrewd. On the same day Vergennes writes (No. 1760) to Noailles the following delicate words:

"Lord Stormont, always moderate, has hastened to let me share his modest satisfaction; he has written me a very affectionate letter, to which he annexed a copy of the *Gazette* extraordinary of the 2nd instant. I have duly thanked him for this attention, to which I might have replied by sending him Gen. Burgoyne's capitulation, but I prefer to let him learn it from others. The Americans have lost Philadelphia and captured an army. . . . All this seems to bring us nearer to the moment of the crisis which I have always foreseen."

In No. 1761 is a memorandum only of a despatch to Weymouth, dated the 6th, in which Stormont says that he "is sorry to confirm the news of Burgoyne's catastrophe," and encloses "manuscript copy of 'bulletins' issued by Dr. Franklin, announcing that news." Thus the curtain does not drop on the closing scene of this volume leaving so important a personage of the drama as Lord Stormont ignorant of the situation. Mr. Jonathan Loring Austin arrived at Passey with the news on December 4, so that the news was in London a day earlier than in Paris, and seemingly it took two days more to reach Lord Stormont.

But more important, if less thrilling, than the manner of the reception of the surrender, was the mutual attitude towards America of the Courts of Spain and France at this time. The essential portion of volume xix. relates especially to this matter, and reveals, with remarkable if not flattering clearness, some of the deeper motives which lay beneath the friendliness of both these Powers. It is plainly impossible to show, even in outline, the subtle and discriminating purposes on foot to use the colonies for ulterior ambitions. It is not asserted that these documents now reveal for the first time any startling or hitherto unheard-of plot; only this, that their entire frankness and want of the least savor of international ethics are cynically destructive of some of the illusions which still hover about an American idealization of the Revolution. Nos. 1704, 11, 12, 15, 19, 25, 34, 37, 40, and 45 contain the papers which passed at this time between the two courts through the medium of the Count de Vergennes, the Count de Florida Blanca, and the Marquis d'Ossun. It was at first proposed that France and Spain should, in common, advance "help" to the amount of six millions, on the stringent conditions, among others, that no treaty should be considered between England and America without the consent of the other two Powers, and that, in case of such consideration, there should be an immediate withdrawal of money advances. No. 1711 frankly discusses the cherished plan of weakening England by prolonging war, entirely irrespective of any regard for America. It is evident that Vergennes always had little trust in the "people," and especially in the American people, on the ground that they were incapable of disinterestedness—by which he really meant that the colonists perceived clearly that both France and Spain had large interests in maintaining their separation from England, and that this knowledge of the situation encouraged them to make a too free use, by privateering and by abuses of neutrality laws, of the friendly attitude of these Powers.

The Spanish Court did not meet this proposition of "help" with open arms, and held, to quote Ossun (No. 1715), that "it would not accord with the dignity of two great Powers to lend, but it may be to their glory and their interest to give in suitable proportion." A little later (No. 1719), Ossun, after chronicling the fact that "The Princess of Asturias, Sir, has had inflammation of the gums," speaks of the objections which Lord Grantham makes to Florida Blanca concerning the reinforcement by Spanish soldiers of the garrisons in the French Windward Islands. To Grantham's assertion that the British Ministry would be thought mad if it wished to make war on the two crowns, the Count replied laughingly that "there were so many mad men in the world that it was prudent to take precautions against madness!" But this was a rare exhibition of levity on the part of the Count de Florida Blanca, who could take every one, himself included, with the utmost seriousness. His paper handed to the Marquis d'Ossun (No. 1725), to serve as a reply to the request of the American Commissioners for a loan of £2,000,000 sterling from Spain and France, is perhaps the most weighty, as it certainly is the most grandiose, of this volume. According to the French plan, six million livres tournois were to be raised, one-half by each crown—this loan to be kept secret even from Congress, on the ground offered by Vergennes, that "the time had not yet come when we can bind them by their signatures" (No. 1711)—and to be paid in instalments, which were to cease at once if the colonies should begin to treat for an agreement with England. To this the Count offers a most wordy declaration of benefits already conferred by Spain; he insists that its costly naval armament, by obliging England to maintain in port a large number of ships against possible movements of the French and Spanish squadrons, is a great, if indirect, aid to the insurgents. Secrecy and the absence of any definite settlement with the Deputies made, in his opinion, "a game of *embite* in which by prudent guessing one risks losing or winning, fleeing from covenants difficult to fulfil and to arrange with such people." His own plan is, firstly, to remind the Deputies of past blessings; secondly, to supply them, each court according to its ability, and without a fixed sum in view; thirdly, fourthly, and fifthly, to load them with solemn advice; and, sixthly, to treat the British Cabinet with circumspection and to "lull them," because, forsooth, it is a nation which is never "grateful" for what is done out of friendship and moderation! If we consider that the main objection of Spain to lending money to America really was the fear that in time England might make a favorable peace between herself and her colonies, and thus, perhaps, end the wished-for opportunity of harrying her on the part of Spain and France, it will not be difficult to appreciate the poignant grief of the Count over the baseness of so "ungrateful" a people as the English.

An entire absence of such preternaturally solemn nonsense and of all needless obviousness put the papers of Vergennes and of Franklin in bright contrast to those of Florida Blanca or even of Stormont. Vergennes (No. 1734) regrets the Spanish decision, and soon (No. 1737) announces that the French King will pay the Americans, during the next year, 3,000,000 in four equal parts. Spain at this point (No. 1740) was afforded a fine chance to allay a possible feeling of shame on her own part at the generosity of France by a loud outcry against the seizure, by Americans, of a French vessel belonging to Spaniards and carrying English goods from London to Cadiz. An ample apology for this blunder was offered (No. 1745) by the Commissioners in behalf of Congress, but Spain continued to sulk for some little time. Franklin, who appears to have written this apology, suggests, with his usual sanity, that consuls be appointed to America in order to make reclamations in proper form.

Several letters from Beaumarchais (Nos. 1708, 1754, 1758), enclosing his "Nouvelles d'Amérique," are as irrepressible as ever, and make it constantly more difficult to regard the head of the shadowy concern of Hortalez with other than amused tolerance.

The indefatigable Stormont makes a vigorous

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protest against fitting out vessels like the *Hippotame* and *L'Heureux* with arms and cannon, and manning them with French soldiers; but he is met with the customary reply that the French ministry can know nothing of private enterprises or the "cupidity of merchants." In Nos. 1735 and 1736 he urges strong objections against the building of French ships in Holland. Vergennes, however, maintains that the King has a right to build ships in Amsterdam if he wishes, and that only when their purpose is known has any one a right to question it. He says also that a contraband trade cannot be prevented; to which Stormont pertinently retorts, "Do smugglers go in fleets?"

Of interest, as showing Stormont's part in the "Hynson business," are Nos. 1717, 23, and 42, which properly supplement what has already been said on this matter in the *Nation* (Feb. 20, 1890, No. 1286). In order to secure the despatches, which were to be sent from the agents to Congress, by means of a French packet boat, he suggests that "a few hundred Guineas properly employed would probably tempt the French Captn to throw his Despatches overboard in such a manner as to let them fall into our hands." This from the virtuously indignant gentleman who twenty-four hours before was taxing Maurepas with duplicity! Of Hynson, who undertook the work, Stormont says (No. 1723) he is "rather to be led than gained." "The best way, perhaps, would be to endeavour to persuade him that the Despatches He carries, if discovered to us, may lead to a Quarrel with France, and a Reconciliation with America, which is his favorite idea."

Samuel Longfellow: Memoir and Letters. Edited by Joseph May, Minister of the First Unitarian Church of Philadelphia. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

It was necessary that, in the biography of a man so modest, simple, and retiring as Samuel Longfellow, we should feel no sense of contrast or even serious difference between the subject and the author; and this condition has been met in the book which has been written by the Rev. Joseph May. If Mr. Longfellow had ever imagined that his Life would be written, and had got an inkling who would be chosen to write it, he would probably have sought him out, not with Dr. Johnson's sanguinary purpose, but to crush the flower of his intention in the bud. It is fortunate that his modesty prevented an anticipation which might have been fatal to his Life as written here; for had he known with what reserve and delicacy Mr. May would write of him, he certainly might have given him permission to proceed without the slightest violation of his habitual modesty. A biography in more perfect harmony with Mr. Longfellow's character and spirit, his most zealous friends could not desire.

We often have the evidence that the measure of a man's influence is not in anything he does, but in some quality of his personal life, and Mr. Longfellow's fortunes are confirmatory of the truth of this idea. He certainly was not an active man. Born in 1819, and dying in 1892, he was a settled minister for only fifteen years, all told—three in Fall River, Mass., seven in Brooklyn, N. Y., and five in Germantown, Pa. He compiled a 'Book of Hymns and Tunes,' and, with the assistance of his friend Samuel Johnson, two other hymnals, 'A Book of Hymns' and 'Hymns of the Spirit.' He also compiled a vesper service which was remarkable for the sincerity of its several parts, wrote a few articles for the *Radical*, a brief biography of his friend Johnson, and a fuller one of his brother Henry. Here, certainly, was but a small amount of work for a lifetime that was extended over more than seventy years. But it furnishes no measure of his service to society. Virtue was always going out of him to help his neighbors and his friends. His gentle speech, his quiet humor, his ready sympathy, his broad humanity, secured for him the love of all who knew him, and the remembrance of him was a perpetual inspiration to the several parishes to which he ministered.

Mr. May tells very briefly the story of his childhood and his school and college life. Graduating at Harvard in 1839, he entered the Harvard Divinity School in 1842, and his studies there, broken by a year in Fayal, ended in 1846. The school was never better stocked with men of force and genius than while he was there. Among his mates were O. B. Frothingham, W. R. Alger, Joseph Henry Allen, T. W. Higginson, and Samuel Johnson. E. E. Hale was his college classmate and his lifelong friend. The 'Book of Hymns' was compiled when he and Johnson were in the school together. Newman's "Lead, kindly Light" appeared in it as anonymous, and for the first time in a hymnal, though it was written in 1833. "Nearer, my God, to Thee," also, made here its first appearance in America. Mr. May writes briefly of Mr. Longfellow's freedom in changing hymns, and with imperfect sympathy. A letter of Mr. Longfellow's is given, in which he endeavors to justify himself. An essential part is omitted which urged the common identification of Christ with God as a reason for changing "Christ" to "God" in various hymns. A more serious omission is that of any adequate recognition of Mr. Longfellow's personal contribution to the treasury of sacred song. His hymns have been more widely sung than any other Unitarian writer's, and they have had generous welcome far out of the sectarian bounds. Whittier's fame as a hymnist is largely due to the "Sam Book," as Parker called it, of Longfellow and his friend. Not a hymn of Whittier's, written as such, has had any vogue. His famous hymns have all been made out of his longer poems—the most of them by Longfellow and Johnson. 'Hymns of the Spirit,' published in 1864, was another book, not merely the old one revised with a new name. Longfellow's sincerity was manifested by his leaving out "Christ to the young man said," the beautiful hymn that his brother had written for his Fall River ordination. The word Christ was its offence. It was a word, a title, that Mr. Longfellow never in his maturer years permitted himself to use.

Mr. May's characterization of Dr. Noyes's teaching in the Divinity School as "tedious and uninteresting in the extreme" will not be cordially accepted by many of his pupils. Noyes's anticipation of the latest critical results was certainly remarkable. Graduating in 1846, it was not until 1848 that Mr. Longfellow became a settled minister. The humors of his candidating come out in his letters to Hale and Johnson, the two favored correspondents of his early manhood; and Johnson always kept his place. Full of gayety and humor, his letters never fail to please and charm. Often languid and miserable, either he did not write so much about his health as did George Eliot and some other invalids, or Mr. May has been more judicious than their biographers. It was like him, however, to put his best foot foremost and hide his wounds In the barest room he could always find some pleasant feature, and he was always seeking others' happiness in unobtrusive ways.

He was the mildest-mannered man that ever preached an anti-slavery sermon, but he was a Garrisonian abolitionist, and he did not hold back his testimony in the days of great events. It marks the sensitiveness of the pro-slavery mind that even his gentle protestation raised a storm of angry disapproval. This happened in Fall River and also in Brooklyn, where a "John Brown sermon" was the stone of stumbling and the rock of offence. The trouble hastened his resignation in both places. He would have preferred disunion to war, but, though a man of peace, he was perhaps more combative and polemical than Mr. May conceives. When his most precious beliefs were thoughtlessly impugned, he could strike as hard as any one in their just defence.

He was fond of travel and went to Europe many times. Mr. May is sparing of his letters from abroad, using good judgment here as elsewhere. A letter about Carlyle and one about Tennyson are particularly good, recording impressions of their looks and talk. Enjoying every form of art, Mr. Longfellow's delight in music was the sweetest solace of his uneventful life. What Beethoven's Fourth Symphony meant for him is told in a delightful chapter which one should have in hand some day when hearing the music. He was very fond of children, and especially of boys. Many of his letters to one of these are given, a benediction on a young life too soon cut off. His friendship with Samuel Johnson was an ideal relation, abounding in the rarest mutual sympathy and instigation. Both men were extremely characteristic products of the Transcendental movement and members of a clearly defined group, which included also Frothingham and Wasson and Higginson and Weiss. They never surrendered to the scientific invaders.

With the biography comes a volume of sermons, essays, and addresses. They show a vigorous thinker, and a man whose lofty ideality did not prevent his close acquaintance with men's common needs. He was not one of the liberals who cannot distinguish things that differ. He had the frankest predilection for clear thinking, and could say what he did not believe as well as what he did. With all his modesty he had a noble self-respect. On his seventieth birthday he could rejoice that he had lived "seventy happy, peaceful, and not useless years." Each of the volumes has a portrait. Both are highly characteristic, one meditative and the other interested and alert. With these volumes there should be another, a collection of his hymns and other poems, and such a volume is being prepared by Miss Alice Longfellow.

The Art of Music. By C. Hubert H. Parry. D. Appleton & Co. Pp. 374.

Dr. Parry is by many competent judges considered the most original of living English composers, and among the writers on music certainly no one surpasses him in knowledge, style, and the gift of original thought. There are many excellent articles by specialists in Grove's 'Dictionary of Music and Musicians,' but none better than Dr. Parry's on Form, Sonata, Symphony, etc. He has now written a book the modest and somewhat indefinite title of which gives no idea of the treasures to be found between its covers. Were we asked to name a single book which students of music should read and reread for its facts and opinions, we should unhesitatingly select 'The Art of Music.' It is not exactly a book for beginners, since the chapters on Scales and Folk-music presuppose considerable technical know-

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ledge; but this ought not to prevent amateurs from reading it, since the greater part of it is intelligible to all who can understand an ordinary newspaper criticism of a musical production.

'The Art of Music' is not a formal history of music and musicians, but rather an account of the evolution of music from primitive times to the present day. Instead of making great composers the centre of interest, and grouping facts about them, Dr. Parry traces the lines of musical evolution, introducing composers merely as illustrations, without dwelling on the details of their lives. But what especially distinguishes his book from most "histories" and "stories" of music is, that it is not a compilation from previous works, but a résumé by one who observes for himself and thinks for himself, thus providing new points of view and new lights. His book is entirely free from the besetting sin of most German histories of music of repeating from other books ready-made opinions which are already obsolete. What it does is, on the contrary, to set up new standards of judgment, and it may be safely said that, with very few exceptions, Dr. Parry's opinions of musicians from Palestrina to Wagner will be the opinions held generally in the next century.

The plan of the book is indicated by the headings of the chapters: Preliminaries, Scales, Folk-music, Incipient Harmony, Pure Choral Music, Rise of Secular Music, Combination of Old Methods and New Principles, Climax of Early Instrumental Music, Beginnings of Modern Instrumental Music, Middle Stage of Modern Opera, Middle Stage of Sonata Form, Balance of Expression and Design, Modern Tendencies, Modern Phases of Opera. A special interest attaches to the chapters on national types of the scale and folk-song, in these days when local and national color plays so great a rôle in music. In a later chapter the author draws an extremely interesting parallel between Bach and Handel, which will open some eyes in England, and which he finally sums up in the words that Bach

"appeals to a much smaller public than Handel, and is totally unacceptable to shallow, worldly, or unpoetical temperaments; but he has given much higher pleasure to those whose mental and emotional organization is sufficiently high to be in touch with him, and there are but few of the great composers of later times who have not felt him to be their most inspiring example."

Dr. Parry does not hesitate to tell modern composers that the day for sonatas is past; indeed, he is able to deduce this fact from the practice of most of these composers themselves, whereas critics and historians have been generally blind to it. While just to Mozart's genius, the author does not overrate it, as most historians do—*i. e.*, he avoids the ludicrous method of German historians of saying *nil nisi bonum* about great composers of the past, whereby they make it impossible to trace the lines of progress. But it is in the modern chapters that Dr. Parry best shows his superiority of judgment over the German historians (Langhans excepted, who is less mediæval in his method and judgments than his colleagues). He assigns Schubert, Chopin, and Wagner their proper place, and has many admirable and suggestive things to say about them. Here, for instance, in the remarks on Wagner's vocal style (p. 362), is a gem of lucid criticism:

"The art is not limited to obvious tune on one side, and chaotic recitative on the other, but is capable of endless shades of difference. Wagner makes *Mime* sing melody because he is a sneaking impostor who pretends to have any amount of beautiful feelings and has none; that, no doubt, is a subtlety of satire, but otherwise he generally reserves vocal melody for characteristic moments of special exaltation."

A few statements in this book will surprise the reader, as, for instance, the one on p. 84, that Irish folk-music is "probably the most human, the most varied, most poetical, and most imaginative in the world." But there is only one point on which we decidedly differ from Dr. Parry. He makes no mention whatever of Robert Franz, and names Brahms as the third in the great trio of song-composers, with Schubert and Schumann. In our opinion his trio is almost as absurd as it would be to make an operatic triumvirate of Mozart, Wagner, and Mascagni. We have made a careful and repeated study of Brahms's songs, and are more and more astounded at their shallowness and emptiness. We have also found invariably that the admirers of Brahms were entirely unfamiliar with Franz. It is only on this ground that we can explain Dr. Parry's blindness to him, and we are convinced that a thorough study of the 257 songs of Franz will cause him to give that marvellously original genius a page or two in the next edition of his book.

Social England: A Record of the Progress of the People in Religion, Laws, Learning, Arts, Industry, Commerce, Science, Literature, and Manners, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By Various Writers. Edited by H. D. Traill. Vol. I. From the Earliest Times to the Accession of Edward the First. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1894.

THE appearance of this book is significant in more ways than one. In the first place, it is a sign of the times that an experienced man of letters like Mr. Traill should be ready to undertake the editorial labor, and that good men of business, like Messrs. Cassell and Messrs. Putnam, should be ready to assume the financial risk, involved in the issuing of a portly work of some three or four volumes on "social" history. It is the best sort of indication of the direction in which the interest of the educated public is going. Modern democratic sympathies, the application to history of the conceptions of "evolution" and "organism," and "environment," the pressure of economic difficulties—these and other forces are causing us to look at the story of the past in a new sort of way, to put the emphasis in a different place, to ask new questions. The realization of this it was which, with its attractive style, gave Green's 'History of the English People' its extraordinary success. But even Green made social history subordinate to his narrative of political events; and the coöperative undertaking now conducted by Mr. Traill is perhaps the first considerable work in English which has put social development really in the forefront.

Yet it is a pity that, going so far, Mr. Traill has not gone further. The defect of the work as we now have it is that it creates too great a multiplicity of impressions; it tries to strike us with equal emphasis in too many directions; it ceases to be a story and becomes an encyclopædia. And yet among the many lines of thought there is one which could so easily have been made the main line, and furnished the thread of consecutive interest which now the book lacks. It is pretty clear that just as in the thirties and forties of this century the practical work of constitution-making led to the appearance of constitutional history as a more or less separate branch of study, so now the economic problems of the day are pushing economic history to a position of importance. And one need not accept a materialistic view of history in order to recognize that the economic evolution of society is more fundamental than any other single subject of historical investigation, and that around it and in subordination to it may readily be grouped a very large part of what is best worth attention in law and science and manners. If some such idea as this had governed the construction of the book, we should have been spared the absurdity of having as much space devoted to the details of costume as to the most essential questions of social organization. Mr. Traill had a great opportunity, and he has but half profited by it.

The book is significant in another way: it restores five centuries to English history. Under the influence of the Teutonist school of historians, of which Freeman and Green and Dr. Stubbs were the best-known representatives, the history of the people of England has been made to begin with the English invasion of Britain. The Celtic and Roman periods either have been disregarded altogether, or have been assigned a brief introductory chapter for the purpose mainly of explaining why they are unimportant. But now in 'Social England' we have 120 pages given to "England before the English"; and for this new interest in things before Hengist and Horsa there is an explanation. So long as it was thought that Celtic and Roman life had no abiding influence on the later history of England, its investigation could hardly fail to be regarded as nothing more than the idle sport of archæologists. The explanation, in large measure, of the space here given to pre-English times is that more than one of the writers believe that the degree of continuity between those times and later ages was much greater than has commonly been supposed. It is worth noting that the abandonment of the ultra-Teutonist position would seem to have been the result not of arguments like those of Mr. Coote for the survival of Roman *political* institutions, but of arguments like those of Mr. Seebohm for the continuity of *agrarian* life. Mr. York-Powell—who, as the editor of the 'Corpus Poeticum Boreale,' can hardly be suspected of anti-Teutonic sympathies—now tells us that "the English conqueror found estates cultivated by British *servi* and *liberti* and *coloni*, according to certain rules and customs for the profit of the *dominus* and *patronus* and their own living. He stepped into the Roman patron's, or even the earlier Celtic chief's place, exacted his dues, and farmed more or less after his fashion" (p. 125). And again: "The slaves and bondsmen seem to have lived and worked precisely as they had for their former masters" (p. 122). This is a view of the beginnings of English history which involves the rewriting of many a page of our standard constitutional and legal textbooks. Perhaps, however, it will be better not to set about that work just yet; for Mr. York-Powell, with the *élan* which characterizes him, leaps somewhat too hastily from probability to the language of certitude. There is much more in early English social history than the survival of the Roman agricultural system; and much investigation will still be necessary before we can satisfactorily determine the relations of the various elements to one another. We have called attention to Mr. York-Powell's utterance, not because it is the whole truth, but because it marks a reaction from "the forests of Germany" which can hardly fail to be salutary.

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American Types of Animal Life. By St. George Mivart, F.R.S. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 8vo, pp. 374, illustrated.

THE recent diffusion of science has made the public more exacting, until it now demands instruction from men of eminence in their specialties rather than from compilers. This book is one of a considerable number of good ones that owe their existence to increased interest in the study of nature and a keener appreciation of the best sources of information. Prof. Mivart is a distinguished specialist, and has an excellent reputation as an authority in various lines of natural history. His brilliancy, energy, and originality invest his subjects with exceptional interest, and his rank among the greater scientists leads to a presumption in favor of the accuracy of his work. The higher education that has caused the distaste for knowledge, so often incompetent, at second hand, has also made the general reader more critical, more ready to detect inaccuracy, and less ready to tolerate it. And so, while our author may be sure his book will be well received, he can hardly expect certain evidences of haste, carelessness, or worse, on its pages to pass without severe criticism. An illustration occurs in the statement, "No single kind of ape which exists in America is found anywhere else," p. 3, which is followed, p. 20, by notice of the green monkey of the Cape Verde Islands, introduced in the Antilles, where it has run wild. A similar instance is that of the raccoon, which is "absolutely peculiar to North America," on p. 211, but extends its natural range "all over the United States, both north to Alaska and south to Costa Rica," on p. 212, and, through "a Southern species, is to be found all over South America as far south as the Rio Negro," on p. 213. Page 129 states positively that "a snake's body can be bent only from side to side," yet this does not preclude descriptions and figures of the manner in which the snake strikes its prey, the cobra raises its body and bends its head forward, or the constrictors twine around and crush their victims. Of course the author meant that a snake does not progress by raising the middle of its body from the ground, like the caterpillars vulgarly called measuring or span worms; he should have said so. A final example, attributable either to defective observation or erratic imagination, may be taken from p. 125, the account of the rattle of the snake:

"Its three terminal segments or vertebræ become united together into one solid whole, and also become enlarged in size and specially modified in form, being swollen at the hinder end. This bony structure is covered with a special development of the soft, deeper skin from which all the outer skin and scales of the body are formed, the soft structure being so subdivided by grooves as to form three segments, which themselves become coated with three corresponding dense layers of outer skin, or, as it is technically called, 'epidermis,' thus forming three horny rings. These constitute all the rattle there is in young snakes which have not yet shed their skin. . . . When the moult actually takes place, the old covering of the tail end is not cast off (being held by the swollen end of the bone before noted)," etc.

In fact, however, half-a-dozen or more of the vertebræ unite, instead of three; the bone they form is enlarged forward and tapers backward, instead of being swollen at the hinder end; the tail, before sloughing, has but one dense outer horny layer, instead of three; the young snake has but one horny ring before the first slough, instead of three; a young snake has no rattle till the first slough provides the first loose ring; and when the moult takes place, the old covering of the tail is not held by the swollen end of the bone but by the skin. Prof. Mivart knows more about birds and mammals than about snakes.

In view of the title-page, the number of illustrations that do not belong to American types is at first a cause of some surprise. The text explains that the type introduces its group, a proper understanding of which is not possible without consideration of old-world members. A study of the class of mammals to which this book is written as an introduction would be incomplete without reference to relations among lower vertebrates. Consequently the turkey, the snake, and the bullfrog are added to the list of the mammalian types—monkey, opossum, bat, bison, raccoon, sloth, seal, whale, and the "other beasts."

Wah-Kee-Nah and Her People. By James C. Strong, Bvt. Brig.-Gen. Veteran Reserve Corps, U. S. A. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1893. 8vo, pp. 275.

THIS volume, so we are told, is called Wakeenah in grateful recognition of the services of a "beautiful, fearless, and true-hearted" Yakima (Oregon Indian) girl who was a servant some forty years ago in the family of the author's brother, and who, while living in this capacity, rescued his child from drowning, and subsequently, at the risk of her own life, saved that of the author. About one-third of the book is devoted to an account of this modern Pocahontas and her people, while all the rest, including some fifty pages given up to a summary of the conquest of Mexico, consists of certain "brief outlines of history," which are dragged into the record, apparently for no other purpose than to furnish a basis for arraigning the white man for the way in which he has ever treated the Indian. In fact, our author's object in recapitulating many of these horrible occurrences seems to have been, in part, "to lessen the blame attached to the Indian for the acts of retaliation, often savage and brutal," to which he has been incited; and, at the same time, to induce those who may read the book "to think upon one of the great questions of the day—how to solve the Indian problem."

This is certainly a praiseworthy motive, and, so far as we are concerned, there cannot be two opinions as to the shameful manner in which these people have been treated, and the necessity of adopting a *modus vivendi* which will insure them against future outrage on the part of the Government as well as from private individuals. On this point there is not room for an argument; and it is an encouraging sign to find that those of us who are familiar with the disgraceful record are not anxious to provoke a discussion by singling out any particular people for condemnation. But, while conceding our own shortcomings, we are not prepared to endorse all the remedies suggested by our author; neither do we accept many of his statements, especially those in which, following in the wake of certain old writers, he describes the manners, customs, etc., of the different tribes with which he deals. Take, for example, as bearing upon the first of these points, what we are told (p. 268) about the class of men sent out as Indian agents. No doubt they were often incompetent, occasionally dishonest, and almost any change would have been an improvement upon the way in which they were formerly chosen. It is even possible, though we doubt it, that the army (p. 271) would to-day furnish better material from which to select these officials than can be found in civil life. So, too, the institution of training-schools, with special reference to instruction in farming, might be a step in the right direction, though the fact that the Indian cultivated corn long before the white man landed on these shores would seem to indicate that the trouble is not so much in teaching him the process as it is in persuading him to undergo the amount of labor necessary to success. However, be this as it may, it is not a point upon which we care to enlarge, for the reason that these suggestions, considered as remedies, do not strike at the root of the disease. To do this with any prospect of success, the system of tribal organizations, with its attendant train of evils, must be swept away, or, as our author (p. 270) aptly says, the Indians, except in the matter of alienating land, must be made "citizens as soon as possible, amenable to and protected by the same laws as the white citizen." Until this is done we may be very sure that the Indian question will not be settled, not even if a school were established on every square mile of the different reservations and all the agents were angels.

In regard to the manners, customs, traditions, etc., of these people a word of caution is rendered necessary by the fact that in these "outlines" fact and fiction are so often mixed as to make it difficult for any one but a specialist to find his way. This, however, is not altogether the fault of the old chroniclers. They saw here a condition of affairs which had no parallel in Europe, and in describing it they had to make use of the only terminology with which they were acquainted. Instead of interpreting their accounts by what we now know of Indian life and habits of thought, it was, at one time, the custom to read them in the light of the civilization that prevailed in Spain, and this led to error. Thus, when we are told (pp. 32, 60, etc.) "that the Indian believed in one God—the author of all good—and in an evil spirit who was ever going about doing evil," we at once call a halt, for we know that his religion was a kind of fetishism, and that he had not reached that stage of progress where the conception of dualism in the spiritual hierarchy was possible. His Manito, or guardian spirit, was sometimes good and sometimes bad, or, measuring it by that of a neighbor and rival, it was either superior or inferior in power, and hence to be cherished or discarded as the case might be. The idea of God and Devil, as we flatter ourselves we understand it, came in with the missionaries, and it is doubtful whether it has been assimilated even by those tribes which are said to be Christianized.

Harmful as is this method of interpretation when applied to our Indians, it is productive of greater error when used with reference to a people "far advanced in civilization," as the Mexicans (p. 250) are said to have been. In this portion of his work our author gives full play to his imagination, and accordingly we read of emperors, temples, palaces, chirography, etc., where a specialist of the Morgan school would speak of a war chief, a medicine lodge, and picture-writing. So, also, an ethnologist like Brinton, instead of telling us that the Mexicans were more advanced in civilization (p. 216) than any of our Indians, would have contented himself with saying that "culture was not monopolized by a few tribes"; and that whenever the surroundings favored such a development "the neighboring tribes, though of different stocks, enjoyed it to nearly an equal degree." Errors (or, if the phrase be preferred, differences of opinion) like these might be multiplied indefinitely. They are the result of the two different methods of interpreting the early chronicles, and to this extent they are excusable. But even if this be

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granted, and we overlook mistakes which have an apparent foundation in fact, what shall we say of the statement (p. 263) that "the few Aztecs who remain to-day are mere nomads in the country that was once their own," and this in face of the fact that the aboriginal population of Mexico, according to Bandelier, has increased in the last 360 years, and when we know that President Juarez, who overthrew Maximilian and the empire set up by the French invaders, was an Indian?

In conclusion, we must remind our author that, in recounting the sad incidents that marked the early intercourse between the European and the Indian, it is not sufficient to put ourselves in the Indian's place and look at events solely from his point of view: we must also regard them from the level of the white man, and then judge them by the moral code that prevailed in the sixteenth century and not by that of the nineteenth. Viewed in this way, massacres like those of the Pequots (p. 9) and of the Mexicans by Alvarado can be explained and defended, though, as we have elsewhere said, it would be as reasonable to expect to gather grapes from thorns and figs from thistles as to find that the Spanish conquerors or the English colonists were actuated by sentiments of justice and humanity in all their dealings with the Indians.

A Treatise on Money, and Essays on Monetary Problems. By J. Shield Nicholson. London: Black; New York: Macmillan. 1893.

THIS work consists of a treatise on money, written in the first place for the industrial classes of the Wholesale Coöperative Society and published with several minor essays in 1888, together with half-a-dozen articles that have more recently appeared in various periodicals. Several of the latter, we may say at once, have no particular relation to monetary science, and the remainder are so slight as to give rise to the suspicion that they are inserted as padding. It would have been worthier of Prof. Nicholson's reputation to write this treatise anew, and the subject is certainly of sufficient timeliness and importance to have justified it. This may be said with less hesitation because Prof. Nicholson is really a good writer and clear thinker, who has already done excellent work and will do more; and, it might be added, had it not been for the "burning question" of bimetallism, the 'Treatise on Money' would have had merit enough to justify a second edition.

Bimetallism, however, being at the front, and having received, in this country at least, some rather damaging treatment at the hands of its friends as well as its foes, we should have expected Prof. Nicholson, who is an enthusiastic bimetallist, to look most carefully to the preparation of the bimetallic case. It is therefore a disappointment to find him providing a maximum of reproach and assertion, a modicum of argument, and a minimum of proof. We shall endeavor to lay bare the slight foundation upon which he erects his theories, conceding, by the way, that it is after all upon this foundation alone that any rational theory of bimetallism must rest.

Stripped of its accessories, this basis is the proposition that a depreciating standard of value is economically desirable. Prof. Nicholson thinks there is no reasonable doubt that if the stock of the precious metals had not been increased by the discoveries in the sixteenth century, the progress of trade and industry which took place would have been impossible. The laborers who mine gold create a demand for commodities; this demand raises prices in the country where the gold is mined; these higher prices draw goods from other countries; this makes an increased demand and higher prices there; and so "the whole industry of the civilized world was quickened with new life, and the production and the consumption of all kinds of real wealth were stimulated." But since 1874 there have been diminishing prosperity and diminishing supplies of gold, and the method of concomitant variations enables us to infer that the diminished supply of gold is the cause of the diminished prosperity. Hence the general proposition is reached that increased supplies of money give "a real and generous stimulus to the industrial activity of the world." Conversely, if the supplies of gold diminish and we refuse to use silver as money, we may expect "overproduction, loss of profit, and depression." Prof. Nicholson will not even concede that when prices are declining those in receipt of fixed salaries and wages may fare well, for "employment will be irregular," as declining prices cause decreased profits; although he in the same breath declares that producers experience loss of profits because they are unable to readjust money wages. And finally those in receipt of fixed money incomes do not gain, because the "middle men" rapaciously keep up retail prices while they get the benefit of reduced prices in their wholesale purchases.

It certainly seems as if there was something of the "insane root" in bimetallism to cause sober writers like Prof. Nicholson to go on after this fashion. But, however that may be, it is evident, in the first place, that the opening up of the great wheat fields of the Northwest would have the effects ascribed by Prof. Nicholson to discoveries of silver and gold. His language is as applicable to one case as another. The farmers and laborers of the West created a demand for commodities just as the gold-miners did, and this demand had a similar effect on industry. But, in the second place, the assumption that continually rising prices are economically advantageous is entirely inadmissible. The question lies between borrowers and lenders. What will be the effect upon them of the expectation that a man who borrows a thousand dollars when wheat is ninety-nine cents a bushel can repay it in a year by selling wheat at one dollar a bushel and with a corresponding advance every succeeding year? It is evident that lenders will be cautious and borrowers eager; the result of which would appear in the rate of interest. The borrower would in such case be no better off than before, nor the lender either.

But if this were not the case, and industry was "quickened with new life" by a factitious rise in prices, experience shows that such quickening is followed by paralysis. It is a commonplace of the stock market that most speculators are "bulls," and if we take a survey of the world we find it covered with the wrecks and ruins of the enterprises of too sanguine capital. How much money can Prof. Nicholson prove to have been lost through the benumbing influence of falling prices? For every million that he can imagine to have been lost in this way, we will undertake to demonstrate losses of ten millions through over-confident speculation. Who gets rich in the long run—the man who tries for a high rate of interest, or the one who prefers a low one? Experience answers this question with emphasis. It is not too much to say that if all those contemplating new investments of capital were to be persuaded that they had overestimated the profits to accrue, there would be far less wild speculation and much more sound business.

"The overweening conceit which the greater part of men have of their own abilities is an ancient evil remarked by philosophers and moralists of all ages. Their absurd presumption in their own good fortune has been less taken notice of. It is, however, if possible, still more universal. There is no man living who, when in tolerable health and spirits, has not some share of it. The chance of gain is by every man more or less over-valued, and the chance of loss is by most men under-valued, and by scarce any man, who is in tolerable health and spirits, valued more than it is worth."

These words are as true now as when Adam Smith wrote them, and they are enough in reply to the complaints of the "debtor class," which is composed of those who cannot dispose at the advanced prices which they anticipated of the land or goods in which they have been speculating.

Until it can be shown that bimetallism means something more than what it has hitherto meant, an alternating standard of value, and until some means of obtaining it other than mere bimetallic inflation is devised, cautious people who have capital to invest will prefer the existing standard of value; and when such people have a decided preference, our recent experience proves that any attempt to substitute a depreciating standard does not "quicken industry with new life."

Good Old Dorchester: A Narrative History of the Town, 1630-1890. By W. D. Orcutt. Cambridge, Mass.: The Author.

THIS large and handsome, but yet tasteful and unostentatious, volume tells the story of one of the most ancient and honorable towns in the country. From a moment even earlier than the arrival of Winthrop's company on the shores of Massachusetts Bay, the town of Dorchester maintained herself in dignity and beauty for long over two centuries and a quarter, till her younger sister Boston blotted out her separate municipal existence in 1870. There was not a decade in these two hundred and forty years which did not contribute some striking event, or in which some illustrious character could not be pointed out within the limits of old Dorchester, to signalize the spot which the very earliest pioneers had selected as the home of freedom, of enterprise, and of piety. The current of "remarkables," to use Mather's word, runs in this book naturally after the general course of town histories, but with strong and wise control over the temptation to bring to the surface mere local celebrities, which the mistaken pride of descendants and townsmen seeks to exalt beyond their dues. A goodly number of portraits of the exceptionally eminent men, and views of some of the ancient and historical houses, adorn the book. They are executed in various styles of art, but all in good taste.

Historians of Dorchester are fortunate in being able to draw from more than one contemporary annalist. The journals of the pioneer Roger Clap and the pastor Richard Mather, and the laborious and faithful annals of the town clerk, James Blake, give a chance for intimate acquaintance with colonial and provincial celebrities the like of which exists in very few of our ancient towns. To stimulate readers to investigate Mr. Orcutt's book for themselves, they may be reminded of a very few of the striking incidents and great men of Dorchester, all duly recorded in this volume. In 1633 the first town meeting, the basis of all the free institutions of the New England States and their progeny, was held in

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Dorchester—an event shortly to be commemorated by a monument. In 1635 the greater part of the Dorchester Church migrated to the Connecticut River, then a fourteen days' journey, and founded the town of Windsor, Conn. By the persuasions of the saintly Eliot, a large remnant of the Massachusetts Indians was peaceably established within the town limits of Dorchester, and saved from the persecutions and wars that so often wronged their brethren; but the slaughter of one of their number by the agent of King Philip was the spark that fired the wars of 1675-6 all over southern New England. William Stoughton, the witchcraft judge and benefactor of Harvard College, was the most prominent citizen of Dorchester, and died there in 1701. The still more famous Increase Mather was born there in 1639. In 1695 a colony from Dorchester made their way to the banks of the Ashley River and founded the church and town of Dorchester, South Carolina. But, the site not proving all they hoped, they moved to Midway in Georgia; and when the rest of that colony refused to send delegates to the Congress at Philadelphia, Dr. Lyman Hall of Midway, of the old Dorchester stock, represented the colony alone. In 1774 the last half-chest of tea washed ashore from the "Boston tea-party" was detected in Dorchester after an organized search and publicly burned, and the possessor forced to a public apology. In 1776 Washington completed the investment of Boston by the occupation of Dorchester Heights, forcing Howe to evacuate the city. Edward Everett was born in Dorchester on the 11th of April, 1794, and the centennial anniversary of his birth was affectionately celebrated by his native town.

Of later matters, Mr. Orcutt's book describes in an interesting manner the singular opposition against which the railroad to Plymouth had to fight its way through Dorchester; the valuable work done by the late Marshall P. Wilder in promoting horticulture; and the life and genius of the sculptor Ball Hughes. His amusing and characteristic incidents of the long life of "Good Old Dorchester," in church, home, school, and war-time, are quite too numerous even to be hinted at. The spirit of the book is so completely that of affection, as its title indicates, that it does not assume the character of a critical history. Any one examining it from that point of view would not be satisfied with some of the insertions and some of the omissions; and, considering the many distinctions of the ancient town, as indicated above, one may say that there is still room for a real History of Dorchester, even after Mr. Orcutt's labor of love.

Bibliografia delle Tradizioni popolari d'Italia. Compilata da Giuseppe Pitrè. Con tre indici speciali. Torino-Palermo: Carlo Clausen. 1894. Gr. 8vo, two columns, pp. xx, 603.

Dr. Giuseppe Pitrè has appropriately crowned his indefatigable labors in the field of Italian folk-lore by this splendid volume, which puts the student in possession of the vast material collected and ransacked by the compiler during the thirty and more years of his incessant studies. In the interesting preface, the aim of the present work to be helpful to collectors and students is set forth, and the compiler, if he has erred at all, has erred in the direction of copiousness. For this, Pitrè has earned the gratitude of scholars who know the lack of Italian general bibliographies, and the peculiar difficulties that beset the collector in a country which has the admirable, and, at the same time, exasperating custom of publishing the most valuable things in, say, twenty-five copies for wedding presents, which, like other wedding gifts, get into commerce only on the death of the recipients.

The scope of this bibliography may first be shown by what it excludes. It begins with the middle ages, and so omits classical folk-lore, and it further omits the class of popular literature generally known as chap-books (*storie e libretti popolari*), though modern reprints of such as have been the subject of study and have a definite folk-lore (*demopsicologico*) character are included. On the other hand, the editor has admitted the folk-lore of Corsica, Trieste, and Venetian Dalmatia, as well as that of the Slavic or Slavonic, German, Greek, and Albanian colonies in Friuli, Calabria, Terra d'Otranto, Sicily, etc. A more difficult question concerns the inclusion of poetry of a popular nature (*poesia popolareggiante e popolaresca*) and novels and facetiæ of the Italian writers of past ages. Here the compiler has been guided by his own judgment and that of the numerous scholars whom he has consulted. He has included what seemed more popular than literary, and into the second category above mentioned he has admitted Straparola, Basile, Sarnelli, Arlotto, Mainardi, Domenichi, Poggio, Doni, Costo, Gozzi, Lippi, etc., while excluding Boccaccio, Sacchetti, and others of that class.

It will be seen that Dr. Pitrè has understood his task in the broadest sense, and he has further enlarged it by registering all articles in journals of every description, and all works of travel, etc., containing contributions to manners, customs, etc. In this way the 'Bibliografia' is a complete index to the invaluable *Archivio per lo studio delle tradizioni popolari* (Palermo), the oldest folk-lore journal in existence, which has been under the management of Dr. Pitrè since its inception by him in 1882. The 'Bibliografia' is far, however, from being a dry list of titles. The editor has, wherever it seemed helpful, summarized the contents of the work under notice, or given such references as may save the student from purchasing a worthless book or duplicating one he already possesses. It is impossible to be too grateful to Dr. Pitrè for this part of his labor, or for the indexes to be mentioned presently. The work comprises 6,680 titles (it must be remembered that this figure denotes various editions, articles in periodicals, translations, etc.), arranged alphabetically in six classes: tales, stories, legends, and facetiæ; songs and melodies; children's games and songs; riddles, formulæ, cries of vendors, etc., argot; proverbs; usages, customs, beliefs and prejudices. While there is something to be said in favor of one alphabetical arrangement, undoubtedly in a work of this kind a classification by subjects is of great help to the scholar, and any objection to the system is removed by the excellent index of authors, pseudonyms, and titles of anonymous works. There are, besides, two other indexes, one of places, in which the vast material is distributed over its wide geographical range, and one of subjects. The value of this last-named index cannot be overestimated. Although the editor does not claim that it is exhaustive, it is still full enough to save greatly the time of the student in his researches as to any particular topic. The book itself in its typographical arrangement is faultless and reflects the greatest credit upon the publisher, who has also been the friend and enlightened patron of the editor. It may be well to state for the benefit of libraries and amateurs that the edition consists of only 550 numbered copies, and the price is twenty-five lire or francs.

When we consider that Dr. Pitrè (whose works alone furnish 220 titles) is a practising physician at Palermo, with no private fortune or aid from the State, and with the leisure which he can find only in the intervals of an arduous profession, we are lost in wonder at the enormous amount of labor he has accomplished. No one has ever before so fully collected the folk-lore of his country in every direction, or placed all workers in this field under such profound obligations. He has sacrificed all other rewards. May he at least have that of the grateful appreciation of scholars in his lifetime, and may it not be said of him, "Cineri gloria sera venit."

Life on the Lagoons. By Horatio F. Brown. Macmillan.

Seldom have we come upon so satisfactory and charming a book as this. Who has not written about Venice—not poems merely, but descriptive rhapsodies? Byron, Hobhouse, Stendhal, Gautier—the list is but begun. Mr. Howells made his early reputation by his sketches of Venetian life. Mr. James, M. Paul Bourget have more recently written Venice up, as we may properly say. But they, and most of the others, differ from Mr. Brown in this important respect: they write as travellers who see the outside of the wonderful city, and have emotions and enthuse over them; he writes as one who, from long intimacy, has come to know the life of the people to-day, just as, by profound and sympathetic study, he has come to know the history of Venice. Mr. Brown is as free from illusions regarding the Byronic or stage-villain Venetians of the past as he is from the Ruskinian contempt for modern Venetians. He brings forward many quaint legends and many well-told accounts of contemporary customs; he is alive to the unique position of Venice in art and in history. Such qualifications very few of the scores who have written about Venice possessed.

It is impossible to indicate even the pith of his many sketches. In one will be found a clear summary of the rise and fall of the Venetian state; in another, he traces the development of the gondola; in a third, he describes the gondoliers' guilds—almost the last survival of the old social organism. For pure description, read the account of floods in the city, or the "Vision of La Sensa," or "San Nicolò del Lido." The chapters on home life, popular beliefs, and popular poetry contain more information of the most intimate kind than any other English book we know of. So, too, the brief essay on "A Gondolier's Bank" reveals a very curious and surprising aptitude, on the part of the Venetian boatmen, for finance. We are inclined to think that they would be astonished to learn that a majority of the American Congress believed it possible to "coin a vacuum." Curious in another way is the account of the *osele*, or medals which the Doge used to strike and present to several thousand noblemen, each of whom had an hereditary right to receive five wild ducks from the Doge at Christmas-time, but who, when water fowl grew scarce, accepted *osele* instead. The final paper is a rhapsody which, were it not so genuine in sentiment and so tasteful in execution, would be as intolerable as some of the "prose pastels" which we have lately seen.

For any one who is acquainted with Mr. Brown's 'History of Venice,' this volume holds a surprise in its graceful style; in his history he was more formal. To the real love-

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er of Venice, the person who not merely has been dazzled by her exterior but has felt her deeper charm, we can recommend this book, as being full of that spirit which comes only of long acquaintance and knowledge and sympathy. The volume has many illustrations which serve to recall well-known views or to reveal scenes in every-day life.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, C. C. Travels in a Tree-top. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
A Catalogue of Books relating to the University, Town and County of Cambridge from 1521 to 1893. Macmillan. $3.
Anderson, H. C. Danish Fairy Tales. Maynard, Merrill & Co. 12 cents.
Brooke, S. A. Tennyson: His Art and Relation to Modern Life. Putnams. $2.
Chatelain, Heli. Folk-Tales of Angola. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Cochrane, Alfred. The Kestrel's Nest, and Other Verses. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.
Dickens, Mary A. A Valiant Ignorance. Macmillan. $1.
Fletcher, J. B., and Carpenter, Prof. G. R. Introduction to Theme-Writing. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. 60 cents.
Glazier, Capt. Willard. Headwaters of the Mississippi. Rand, McNally & Co.
Green, Mrs. J. R. Town Life in the Fifteenth Century. 2 vols. Macmillan. $5.
Hall, W. E. A Treatise on the Foreign Powers and Jurisdiction of the British Crown. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Hamilton, C. D. P. Modern Scientific Whist. Brentanos. $2.
Lang, Andrew. Ban and Arrière Ban: A Rally of Fugitive Rhymes. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Lavisse, Prof. E., and Rambaud, Prof. A. Histoire Générale du IVe Siècle à nos Jours. Tome III. Formation des Grands Etats. 1270—1492. Paris: A. Colin & Cie.
Mackay, Thomas. A Policy of Free Exchange. Appletons.
Maclay, Edgar S. A History of the United States Navy from 1775 to 1893. Vol. I. Appletons. $3.50.
McCulloch, Hugh, jr. The Quest of Heracles, and Other Poems. Cambridge: Stone & Kimball.
Muir, M. M. P. The Alchemical Essence and the Chemical Element. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
My Two Wives. Cassell. 50 cents.
Pierson, Rev. A. T. The Bible in Private and Public. F. H. Revell Co. 25 cents.
Poems, Sonnets, Songs and Verses. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $1.
Rand, A. C. The Uses of Compressed Air. The Republic Press. $1.
Robertson, Rev. Alexander. Fra Paolo Sarpi, the Greatest of the Venetians. Whittaker. $1.50.
Russell, Prof. I. F. Outline Study of Law. L. K. Strouse & Co. $2.25.
Saltus, F. S. The Bayadère, and Other Sonnets. Putnams. $3.
Samuel, Mark. The Amateur Aquarist. Baker & Taylor Co. $1.
Saward, F. E. The Coal Trade, 1894. *Coal Trade Journal.*
Stevens, Prof. W. A., and Burton, Prof. E. D. A Harmony of the Gospels for Historical Study. Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co. $1.50.
The Dissolution: A Projected Drama. G. W. Dillingham. $1.
The Yellow Book: An Illustrated Quarterly. London: Mathews & Lane; Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.50.
Thompson, D. G. Woman's New Opportunity. Longmans, Green & Co. 25 cents.
Weyman, S. J. The Man in Black. Cassell. $1.
Wheatley, H. B. The Diary of Samuel Pepys. Vol. IV. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $1.50.
Wolseley, General Viscount. The Life of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough. 2 vols. London: Bentley & Son; New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $10.
Wright, Gen. M. J. General Scott. [Great Commanders.] Appletons. $1.50.
Wylie, J. H. History of England under Henry the Fourth. Longmans, Green & Co. Vol. I., $3.50; Vol. II., $5.
Yeats, W. B. The Celtic Twilight: Men and Women, Dhouls and Faeries. Macmillan. $1.25.

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